CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

WHO ARE THE DOUBTERS.

Spiritualism like every other high truth which has been given to the world for its good, has by the world been met, first with ridicule, and then when ridicule has been found ineffective, sarcasm, abuse, invective, has been tried. Two things are always omitted in the sufficiency of the world's wisdom, investigation and reason. Alike philosophy and religion, it has been the same in all eras of time, as though the world deemed the knowledge it possessed a sufficient possession, and that an addition to the store must necessarily have the effect of dimming the lustre of its then possession, not discerning that another gem in the coronet of truth but adds to its lustre. Time rolls on its even course, and the truths at which the shafts of ridicule have been aimed are eventually received, and in their turn become dogmas for reverence, to be defended by the same ignoble arts which in their early promulgation had been used for their overthrow or suppression. There is an advantage a truth possesses, which is to be found in nothing else, viz: the perfectness of elasticity; strain it, bend it, turn it which way you will, hide it beneath mountains of rubbish, it is still itself, each thrust, each attack only serves to elicit its reality, and despite the dirt thrown on it, its glory will still beam, and eventually all obstacles will pale beneath its radiance, and it must glow in the power of its pristine glory: the creature of the divine will and lasting even as his nature.

Not to speak of philosophy, but of the despised faith of the Christians, its disseminators were the ignorant and low amongst men, yet it triumphed over all obstacles, and became the one acknowledged religion of the world. But when overlayed by the learning of men, when its pure truths were wrested to serve selfish purposes, then the truth although inherently the same required labor to disinter the gem that its purity might again find a place in the heart of men. The perversions and passions of men have been the fathers of the thousand isms which have from time to time been cradled in the bosom of the church. And they have been called into being because man wearied by the sophistical monstrosities which they have been required to believe, have endeavored to find the gem beneath the burdening weight. A spark has been uncovered which has been accepted for the whole truth, and then an *ism* has burst into life. Man proposes, but God designs, and so the *isms* having their origin in the finite mind of man, partake of its nature. If the glory of the whole were grasped, then were the glory of the infinite design discerned. It were then not the resplendent gleamings of a particle, not the establishing of an *ism*, but the disintering of the buried gem, the power of truth. And so has Christianity been obscured, the gem has been disinterred, its lustre has been seen; soon by its radiance to gleam in its pristine glory, and be lastingly enthroned in the heart of man.

Opinions may have a basis of truth, but if they be not the whole truth, they must fade and die.—The world's history teach this. The past is a picture of the present, the present of the future. The past, present and future then an entity, because truth is individual and single. Here then are the scales in which the Spiritual claim is to be weighed, even truth, for if it be not the whole truth, but only a scintillation, it must die even as other creeds have died. But if truth, then shall it endure eternally. The worst lie is that which has as it were a basis of truth, and an opinion based on it is hard to be eradicated, because of its basis.

Shall not the Spiritualist glory in the assaults, the sneers, and contumely which have been heaped on his faith? It has its lot with all other high truths, and evidences its purity in its elasticity.—Shall they then bow themselves before such as through pride have made themselves the ringleaders of a detestable emulation? If we were to give ourselves up to the will of these men, should we not turn aside from that which is fitting? If the hostility with which Spiritualism has been met had originated in a pure desire to elicit truth, who amongst us should have cause of complaint? But when we know such things have their origin in an unreflecting and indiscriminate zeal, or in feelings still more contemptible, how shall we act? When we see the faults of an erring brother is converted into an attack upon the whole body, are we not bound to search into the cause? Amongst other accusations, the contemptible doctrine of free love, false as we know it to be in theory, and odious in practice, subversive of every pure principle of our nature, is said to be the received belief of the Spiritual body. Is denial sufficient, did not the Tribune editor know its falsity even when he penned the charge? Do we not know that Horace Greely was foiled in an argument which he had invited in the columns of the Tribune, and his assailant was one of the promoters of this theme? We all know how bitter is wounded self love. That Horace Greely should be overthrown in his own selected battle ground was adding gall to wormwood. The defender of Feurier worsted, did it then follow because Horace Greely was worsted, that the position of his antagonist was truth? Yet had the Tribune editor have as diligently read his Bible as he has hunted for new fangled and fashionable theories, he would have found arguments in abundance. He would have been the conqueror, not the conquered. Even in his humiliation, perhaps he may desire comfort, or may by this time have gained courage, and be willing again to enter the lists. Should he do so, by consulting Numbers chap. 5th, commencing at the 12th verse, and the 1st of Corrinthians, chap. 7th, verses 10th and 11th, he will find a foundation for his argument, for here are to be found, if Bible precepts are anything, that which would have crushed the infamous theory, which in a moment of true virtue the heart of Horace so rose at.

At a subsequent time the redoubtable champion finds his adversary claims to be a Spiritualist. This was sufficient. Spiritualism is assailed, and free love it is said by the Tribune editor, is the practice of its votaries. Has not the world a memory of the past? Shall it not say that it is a pitiful spectacle when Horace Greely, because foiled in an argument, vents the bile congregated by the action of his self love in an indiscriminating attack on that which he does not understand—Spiritualism. There is even in the world a principle of fairness, and it does not believe a thing is so, because Horace Greely has said it.

Let the Tribune editors reason, and Spiritualists will listen, and if the arguments advanced by them are truths, then the Spiritualists will be bound to receive them, and that because the stand point of the Spiritualists is reason.

Sarcasm, rudeness, and invective, nor even persecutions, never yet had force. Athanasius because Arius differed from him on a point of doctrine, procured his condemnation, torture, and death. Arius sealed his belief of the truth of his position with his blood. A division took place in the church—the Romish and Greek churches, the scions of these leaders exist in the present day, and perhaps in equal numbers. The would be champions of that, which in their ignorance they deem the faith of Christ, if they consulted history, would know how futile is the course they pursue, and that reason, good sledge hammer argument is the only effective mode of crushing an error.

What is the charge made against Spiritualists by the secular press and the men of the church?—That Spiritualists are credulous beings, and receive and *revere every idle tale which the Spirits tell them as a gospel truth and without evidence.* Have these men ever investigated the subject? Are they so versed in Spiritual teachings that they shall pronounce a subject into which they have never made an inquiry a delusion? Do they know that which Spiritualists believe in? Have they ever collected and examined the evidence? Do they know of what manner of men the Spiritual body consists of? Let us pursue the theme, and see who are the credulous men who are the doubters of the grand truths of the gospel.

The pictured tombs and columns of Etruria, India, Egypt, Greece, Nineveh, if their records could be deciphered, what should we find? Perhaps the very truths which men are so ready to ridicule, which they so vociferously condemn. Is there a similarity of teaching to be found throughout the books of the New Testament? Can we not see points of doctrine broadly and distinctly severed? Do we not find in some of the books works insisted on. In others works flung aside, and faith, predestination, damnation and death, even a death of torment denounced against all who cannot accept the teaching, yet we read in the apostles creed life everlasting, are we to read instead an eternity of suffering? And these records do we find they are to be received in their integrity? Are they not so laden with learning and mystery that a simple mind is at a loss what to accept, what to reject, whereunto to cling that he shall know God? There is no presentments of one broad principle, but all is split, so that it shall accord with some sectarian idea. Then in the multitude of these teachers, how shall the unlearned select?

Ages before Swedenborg had his Spiritual perceptions opened, the men of this world had visitations from the departed. The ancient writers continually speak of such visitations. Had we the records of the priests of Isis, and were the mysteries of the Bramins disclosed to the world, we should then have an evidence of that knowledge which the world has for so long a period discarded, the very elements of Spirit teachings. Can any reader of history deny that the oracles of Delphos were literally fulfilled? Whence then was derived the knowledge of future events which were disclosed? Was it the direct revelation of God, Spirit teachings or human discernment? If the latter, then has man sadly retrograded since that era in his intuitive perceptions. If of the first proposition, then was the power of Christ anticipated, and the Gentiles were in possession of that which Christ came to consummate. If of Spirits, then the Spiritualists only claim that which long had been known to man.

The sages of Greece were they less in the powers of reasoning than the men of the now day, those men who gleaned God's truth from the surface of nature? And they seeing design apparent in all the sequences of nature, was their conclusion a forced one that there was a Creator? They believed that the dead on occasions visited earth and gave revelations. Did not Christ and the apostles teach the same thing? If Jesus Christ, the apostles, the sages of Greece and Rome recorded the same thing, and that thing accords with our experience, are we to reject it because of the cry of delusion raised by interested teachers whose bread depends upon the dissemination of a particular dogma? How have they read their Bible, can they understand it and then pronounce the Spiritual claim a delusion?—They admit such narratives as we record are contained in the Scriptures, and when they find there is no possibility of reasoning away the evidences presented for their investigation, say they cannot be, because with the Bible closed the manifestations of God. We might then inquire what are the manifestations of God? Is it not a fair question to put to the dignitaries of the church, the Methodists and the professors of religion, that if the manifestations closed with the apostolic ages, whence came the narratives of the Romish church, the experience of Wesley and Whitfield? Were they mere deceptions promulgated for the purpose of supporting a dogmatic teaching? In their condemnation of the Spiritual claim, is it not virtually a condemnation of themselves? Did conviction come to the professors of the various creeds by a careful conning of the Scriptures, or by a blind reliance upon the teachings of their preachers? The evidences of Spiritualism are they not the evidence of Christianity? Do we step aside from the beaten road of tradition? Do we attempt to force strange and unauthorized teachings upon the attentions of man? Do we not rather collect and condense their facts, and by the aid of our visitations and teachings show their true significance?

Who are the credulous men, those who blindly rely upon the dictations they receive, or Spiritualists who trust to the evidence of their senses and the aids of their reason? Of whom does the Spiritual body consist? Is it not notorious that they are the seceders from the thousand *isms* into which the christian church is divided, of men who once made it their boast that philosophy was the only certain guide to a knowledge of the things of a future state, of those who had no fixed belief, but who have clung to Spiritualism because it afforded the great link of evidence they needed, proof of the existence of the dead through the evidence of the senses.

Men, then, having seceded from the sectarian formularies because their reasons were unsatisfied, the same argument holds with the philosophers and infidels. Shall they then be stigmatized as the credulous men, they having rejected a faith because dissatisfied with the evidence, because they avow that to be a truth of which they have the evidence of their senses? Who, it may be asked, are the men who examine the Spirit-manifestations with the scrupulousness of exactness? The men of the world or the Spiritualists. Who are those who submit to a scorching criticism the teachings they receive? Who are they who reject these teachings even although derived from a supernal source? Is not the answer to all these queries—the Spiritualists. Who are the doubters? Shall it not be replied the mediums. Is not continuous evidence afforded of the truth of this observation? And those who are drawn to witness the manifestations, do they come as birds blindly into the net. Do they not examine with every care, every movement they see around them; and when confounded by the solution of something known only to themselves, and at times the annunciation of a something of which they were not cognizant, are they not driven to a thousand subterfuges to rid themselves of the impression made on their minds. Do they not refer the action to Psychology, Mesmerism, analogy of minds, reading the thoughts, and a thousand other things, not forgetting to charge trick and collusion? Is it not a fact that only by repeated trials, careful and rigid examinations, that at length seeing all their theories annihilated, they then are obliged to admit one of two solutions, the agency of Spirits or the abruption of natural law. This latter they know cannot be; and the first, although unwillingly received, yet affords the only reasonable solution. The Spiritual body is made up of doubters, and who even when convinced are still suspicious and examine carefully each new fact presented, because they know the possibility of deception, even involuntary, at times. And the teachings of the Spirits are they blindly received? The productions of the writing mediums, the discourses of the speakers; is not all they write or say analyzed, and the whole, how often is it rejected? Yet if the Spiritualists were the credulous men they are charged with being, would they not blindly rely upon the teachings of their Spirit-friends. Do not the Spiritualists know that a Spirit in the form may be more intelligent than a Spirit out of the form? and because they know this they examine the records they receive. And these teachings, have they not caused a deep investigation into the Gospel truths? Do they not frequently illustrate the truths contained in the Bible? are not texts continually referred to? Every man who knows aught of the subject, knows that this is so.

Shall, then, the Spiritualists heed the clamors of the world? Is there to be found in all this the elements of credulity? Why, it were indeed a miracle, if those men who have forsaken the church's teachings, because they were unconvinced by evidence, should take refuge in a faith which has no evidence to support it, the only foundation of which, if Messieurs the Churchmen and Editors are to be believed, is a credulous folly. Has the reproach which these unscrupulous, unreflecting, uninvestigating men thrown on Spiritualism, any basis of truth. Truly, indeed, if the Spiritualists are the credulous men, then has the Ethiopian changed his skin. If the reproach is not truth, it were idle to regard it. Is not truth an entity? In truth is there not summed all knowledge, are not its emanations love to our fellows, peace to the individual, and a harmonious gathering of the human families? What are the teachings of the Spirits? Obedience to the physical and Spiritual laws of our natures; in a few words, "*the abnegation of the sensuous perception of our nature.*" If we are the doubters, the credulous and blind seekers, let us then glory in our weakness, for by it we overcome conventional deformity, and lay it and temptation prostrate at our feet. Let us glory in those teachings which lead to a purity of thought to be consummated in acts, and then here trammelled even with the flesh, our interior perceptions will be opened to receive the influx of the Spirit, and then the victory is with us. We grasp truths and clothe ourselves in the garb of immortality. The one entity, for it is the unchanging the omnipotent, the omnipresent the ever living God. "Let us therefore submit ourselves to His will. Let us consider the whole multitude of His angels, how ready they stand to minister to His will, as saith the Scripture, Thousands of thousands stood before him, and ten thousand times ten thousand ministered unto him." Here then are our witnesses, they are they who commune with us. Let us then steadfastly hold on our own way with the sure hope and knowledge that the Spiritual gifts of God are, "Life in immortality! bightness in righteousness! truth in full assurance! faith in confidence! temperance in holiness! And all this has God subjected to our understanding; what, therefore, shall those things be which he has prepared for them that wait for him. The Creator and Father of Spirits, the Most Holy, He alone knows both the greatness and beauty of them."

S. B.

New York, March 15, 1855.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

THE SPIRITUAL SPHERES.

There are three methods or sources whereby we may attain knowledge of the Spiritual World, or the Spiritual Spheres which surround our earth, known as the abodes of disembodied men, its former inhabitants. These are inspired Disclosures from Spirits, Psychometric Impressions, and Intromission of the living into the Realms of the Departed. The truthfullness of the first depends upon the wisdom and veracity of the communicating Spirit, and upon the harmonic development and association of the medium. The correctness of the second depends upon the state of the psychometrist, the degree in which his interiors have been quickened by influxes of essential life, and his association in the world of Spirits. The reliability of the last depends upon the plane of Spiritual sight opened in the mind of the seer, whether he sees all things from the stand-point of his own selfhood, that is, by light from below, or that of a heart glowing with love to the brother and drawn upward in pure aspiration towards the holiness of its Creator; which is to discern by celestial radiance from above. That system or theory which is supported by the highest and purest developments through these three methods is worthy of the most serious and candid investigation; that which is based only upon the lower forms of one or two should be entertained with great caution and examined with the closest scrutiny. That a class of Spirits assert a thing, that a class of seers seem to perceive it, is not always sufficient evidence of its truth; since they are often contradicted and always modified by subsequent discoveries.

The necessity of great prudence and a wise precaution in receiving statements of Spirits, or impressions of media, as the basis of a philosophical system or moral code, may be illustrated by the analogies of this life. It is pre-eminently true in Spiritual observations that, "*the eye sees only what the eye brings the means of seeing.*" Man is as his loves. The selfish man regards all objects only as they affect his interests. This is seen in political zealots and sectarian partisans. How seldom is it that one of these can discern any truth outside of his narrow sphere. Truth for its own simple sake is not loved nor sought by such; but the means only of party success or denominational supremacy. They have their reward, and at last are filled with their own devices.

This is also illustrated by all scientific investigators who have become identified with a system or theory. They tremble at a new fact irreconcilable with their old formulas. And such is the constitution of things, even in this world, that a man easily succeeds in ignoring that which he does not wish to believe. Truth will not force herself into any man's mind. She sometimes demands, often pleads for admission; but most frequently must be wooed as a coy and gentle bride. Those who prefer the plausible to the real, to fold themselves in the gorgeous mantles of ostentation,—of fashionable religion and popular "philosophy,"—rather than walk in the white and simple robes of Truth, will find ready-made garments furnished gratuitously by all the sects, both old and new.

One special reason why the statements of large classes of Spirits may be worth little, is because in the life of the Spirit, after decease of the body, the subjective continually tends to become the objective; as in dreams our thoughts become realities, and impressions upon the sensorium the objective imagery of our midnight visions. Sleep is the intermediate between life and death. The external man is partially paralyzed, the internal Spirit quickened and awakened in various degrees according to its purity and emancipation from the thraldom of matter. So also we might infer a dream sphere to exist in the interior, into which the human family necessarily enter in their progress towards their more permanent abode.* Thus the analogy would be perfect, and the life which now is, in all its various phases and phenomena, becomes the epitome of that which is to come.—And as the virtuous and temperate awake from sweet dreams to joyous morning duties, so from that intermediate sphere the same classes awake and enter upon the joys of immortal life. On the contrary, as the drunkard and debauchee awake from haggard stupor or fearful hallucination to plunge into new excesses, till the body sinks exhausted to rise no more, so might we infer that the Spirit, gathering up its quickened energies, still pursues, in adapted spheres, the delights of its selfhood, till its Spiritual powers are also consumed by its insatiable lusts, and it lies like a charred trunk upon the blackened plane of its own desolation,—but not beyond the reach of Heaven's almighty love.

Such are some of the conclusions to which analogical reasoning might lead the candid inquirer.—Let us now turn to the Spiritual Spheres as ut folded in striking and original language and imagery by Spirits who claim to speak as they are inwardly enlightened and moved by the Lord. This view has also been confirmed to me by many psychometric inspections, by my own experience and highest intuitions, and by actual intromissions of the living into the world of the disembodied. First then it may be stated that, according to these disclosures and perceptions, our earth is surrounded by and revolves within four ESSENTIAL ORBS, which are the habitations of the various classes of the human race who have laid aside the corporeal form; that the upper halves or hemispheres of these, are the homes of those in whom love of God and the neighbor is the ruling principle, and all other feelings subordinated thereunto; that the lower halves are the abodes of those in whom the selfish and impure passions rage and burn; that the inhabitants of the former wind ever upward towards the throne of God; those of the latter downward unless arrested by Divine Providential influences from above; that the Superior Spheres illuminated by the Lord as a sun, are glorious with eternal day; that the lower are eclipsed and in darkness, like the surface of a planet whose light is intercepted by a foreign sphere, or by its own opaque mass lying between itself and the source of illumination. But even in this dark picture there is room for hope. Analogy, or the light of correspondential science, is here most welcome. Eclipses are of short duration, and a complete revolution of the planet brings all parts of its surface beneath the burning eye of day.—In the revolving cycles of the ages the day of ransom for the captives, the year of jubilee for all the sons of bondage, at last comes. Good is positive and from the Infinite, evil but a perversion and finite. But the time and manner of their deliverance is known only to Him who seeth the end from the beginning. We trust that this Spiritual unfolding has for its object the redemption of the whole human race, that the light which is dawning upon us begins also to penetrate the darkened abode of Spirits in the Interior.

The enumeration and description of these spheres, which literally are *hemispheres*, according to the highest wisdom or illumination I have been able to find or attain, is briefly as follows: The lowest portion of the nether spheres is represented as a dark chaotic cone pointing downward, and is *not said* to be inhabited. This, which if reckoned would make eight, does not enter into the enumeration. The lowest portion then of the outmost spheriod not being counted, the nether portion of second spheroid commencing from without, is called the First Sphere, and is represented as the abode of those unhappy children of earth who have become perverted in heart to a love of evil. The lower portion of the spheroid next within this is called the Second Sphere, and is described as the abode of those perverted in understanding into the reception of falses and errors. The nether portion of the Spiritual spheroid within this, and which is nearest to the earth, is known in these investigations as the Third Sphere and as the abode of those who are in the practice of the iniquities and perversions of the natural life. The Third Sphere then will correspond to the external of a wicked man, the Second to his perverted mental or Spiritual nature, and the First to the soul or inmost given up to the lusts of evil. The upper halves of these Essential Orbs, commencing with that nearest the earth are called respectively the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth spheres, and are represented as the habitations of those who are in process of purification and refinement from the stains of sin; the Seventh Sphere being the true Paradise and home whither all these are aspiring and progressing. We will quote a few paragraphs calling the attention of the reader to the simple, transparent and often sublime language in which the subject is unfolded; to the air of heavenly sweetness that breathes through every sentence. And if the heart be quickened and glowing, if the intuitive faculties are wakened and active and the whole mind open and receptive, he will be able, in a measure, to judge how far these descriptions are truthful and in accordance with the purest conceptions and emotions of his own immortal nature. For there is a Spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding. To *know* it is only necessary to *see* with the simple, open vision; as in the Greek language the former word is a derivative of the latter. Self forgetfulness is the first step in all true knowledge, and sympathy the golden key that unlocks the treasures of wisdom.

For Love is Life, and Wisdom grand
Unfolds from out its store;
The mental eye but views the Land
The heart had seen before.

"In the many mansions of this Spiritual Paradise, the multitudes of the redeemed out of all nations and all generations, find beatific rest. These are the twelve tribes of the Spiritual Israel, the holy people of our God. These are clad in white raiment, and their girdles are of precious gems.—Their forms are transparent as the clear crystal, and their countenances shine as the sun. Their Spirits within are filled with sweetness of affection, as odor treasured in an alabaster vase. Their Spirits without reflect the glory of Divine Intelligence, as the pure dew drop reflects the solar beam. In all their movements are revealed Divine forms of order, and the purpose of their activity is the increase of good. The prayer of each is, that the Lord may possess them in soul, and order their faculties for reception of good and truth into the ineffable image of His own, and thus make them to love their neighbors better than themselves; and the desire of all is that sin and death may perish and holiness reign throughout all places of His dominions to everlasting life. They dwell in seven cities, peopling the seven zones of Paradise. Each circle is composed of twelve tribes, and each tribe of one hundred and forty four societies; and in each circle, tribe and society, are three degrees: the first, the degree of beatific procedure of ministration; the second, the degree of beatific interprocedure of wisdom; and the highest, the degree of ineffable communion of love.

"The outward movement of each society, and of Paradise as one circle, reveals the order of Divine harmony. The inward melody of movement reveals the principle of Divine Essence. The body of organization in each of the redeemed Spirits and in all as one, and in each society and in all as one, reveals the harmonious order of life in the Divine Person. The varieties of pure affection, of sweetness of delight of good, which make each heart a separate Paradise, inseparable from all, reveal the affections of Divine Love. The ever increasing purity and peace and love and light and bauty and harmony of each and all, reveal the infinite Divine Life, from whose Holy Procedure is born perpetual increase of good. These all reveal the Divine perfections, as one blossom in its beauty and fragrance reveals the Infinite Loveliness.

"The river of water of Life proceeds from the Throne of Redemption in the heavenly city, and flowing in seven curves of one spiral course, it waters the seven Kingdoms of Paradise. On either side of the river is a street of communication, adorned with immortal trees and beautified with flowers, and at intervals made glorious by temples of worship and pavilions of repose.

"This begins in magnificent gateways at the limit of the outer expanse of Paradise, and winding through all its zones, conducts the Redeemed to the City of Peace.

"The outward forms of life in the lowest zone of this heavenly resting place, are beautiful as was Eden before the fall, and the loveliness and glory arises in seven octaves to its perfection in the midst of the city and before the Throne of God and of the Lamb. All forms external in their varieties of beauty, of fragrance and of usefulness, are adapted to the condition of the societies in whose abode they shine, and breathe, and bloom; and are received as special works of Divine Grace, beheld as disclosures of His intelligence, and possessed as gifts of His love. The greatest societies of Paradise are established upon the three-fold plain that extends around about the City of the Lord. The first is the Patriarchal Circle, the second the Prophetic, and the third the Apostolic.—These all agree in one. Here dwell those who have esteemed the reproach of Christ as better than the riches of the world. In their beatitudes of heavenly love, and in their illumination of heavenly wisdom, is fulfilled that which is written, 'They that are wise shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.' These go up to minister in the holy temple and behold the vision of the Lord upon His throne. Thus is fulfilled His promise. 'Where I am, there shall ye be also.' These go down to minister in the name of the Lord in all tribes and circles of the holy people, being kings and priests of God, Most High, and therin is that fulfilled which saith, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"The isles of peace which rest in the sea of Paradise, and the lands which are upon the coast, are peopled by those who have entered upon the earlier degrees of their heavenly life. Here also is the Paradise of Innocence, the abode of children maturing in purity of heart and excellence of stature. The members of the least of these societies are innocent as is the undefiled infant. No Spirit can enter Paradise unless his nature be found spotless in innocence. No Spirit can be made white, save through the dying sacrifice and living influence of Christ our Lord.

"He is the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. He is the Author of eternal salvation to those who believe. Bright is His Paradise, but its earliest beam is the glory of innocence, as its perfect noon is the holiness of love. He saith to all men, 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye can in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.'" **

The above is a description or partial outline of the Interior seen according to time and space, as it would be perceived by a pure Spirit according to external perception. There is another and more interior view, according to *states*, as seen not in external outline, but by correspondence and according to Love and Wisdom. The latter was the position occupied by Swedenborg. It is more satisfactory to those who have made some progress in internal thought. Both, however, are necessary to a fuller understanding of the abodes and conditions of the departed; and with all the aid we can gain from them our conceptions must still be gross and meagre until individually illuminated and spiritualized by influxes of essential life. There must be a patient waiting, as well as an earnest striving, if we would attain to the height and the depth, the length and the breadth of the great unfolding, objective and subjective, providentially granted to the human race. Life, light and joy are from God alone; and the heart that would attain them must look upward. The hands must be consecrated to beneficent Uses, the mind to the search of Truth, and the heart, pure and spotless, to universal and perfect Love.

S. E. B.

Do thy duty 'mid contumely,
'Mid the jeer, the scoff, the laugh;
Lest the kindling wrath consume thee,
With a world of fleeting chaff.

* This will be more clearly set forth in a subsequent article.

Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1855.

THE BIBLE QUESTION.

However extravagant many of the issues of the age, the controversy seems to be inevitable, for the assumptions and presumptions of past ages in a scholastic and dogmatic theology forces the issue on the reflective mind and calls for reform. Still, every mind brings its *defects* as well as its culture to the controversy, and in the absence of self knowledge or any standard of philosophy by which to *truly* estimate the fundamentals of human nature, the discussion in most cases passes from criticism of things to the value of words ending in confusion of mind or bad temper. This at least is *true* of most cases, for *logic* is external and belongs to the plain of the understanding, which may or may not be qualified to enter into a valuation of religion and the Bible. The world's history as the unfolding of God's providence in *deeds* to the children of men, is as much a subject of remark, controversy and criticism, since nearly every mind has some kind of a philosophy by which it vindicates the issues it makes with life, and apologises for the follies it commits in doing the same. Our own life has given us quite an experience in skepticism and religion, in feeling and logic, while oscillating between the extremes of an *orthodox faith* and a *rational credence*. During that time we have seen, met, and mingled with men and women of all kinds of minds, and have read all kinds of opinions on religion and the Bible, a detail of which might fill volumes rather than columns, but the conclusion of the whole matter is in favor of the Bible, for let the errors of the Bible be what they may, we know of nothing so well adapted to the needs and necessities of men as this same misjudged, misrepresented, because misunderstood Bible.—Nevertheless, as all things are *seasoned* by being in *season*, a controversy just *now* upon the Bible would be ill-timed, from the fact that we neither have an abstract or detailed philosophy among us that can be predicated as the basis of such a discussion, nor is the temper of the times in that quiet, catholic state, so necessary to all true reasoning. This feeling must be our apology, if such shall be deemed necessary, for the less frequent mention of the name of Jesus in the columns of this paper, for while we cherish an active *veneration* for the life, mission and character of Jesus, we are not sure that a too frequent mention of Him, who "spoke as never man spoke," would add either to the glory of his cause, or the harmonization of the many conflicting elements which at present enters into the reformatory family.

We hope, however, for the time, and look for the dawn of its appearance soon, when the culture and temper of the Spiritual family will be such, that the *intuitions* of religion will blend with gratitude and intelligence, and the age be blessed in seeing the rich fruits of the natural man expand in the friend of the Bible and the lover of Jesus. Sure we are that a milder Spirit of criticism is gaining ground, and men far advanced in the world's wisdom are looking to *love* rather than *logic* for the harmonizing element in society. The friends of the Bible should remember, however shallow, superficial and external the criticism of the skeptic may be, that it is possible that the Divinity that shapes the ends of being and moulds the destiny of the times, may have used this means to effect a necessary change. Be this as it may, we know that complaint is not argument, and regrets accomplish but little in convincing the logical mind. Beside this, "charity suffereth long and is kind," and love is the *fulfilment* of the *law*.

The following remarks, however, are well worthy an attentive consideration, as they tend to separate the wheat from the chaff, and bring us into *rapport* with the Bible itself, rather than its accidents and theological relations.

Mr. Editor: I deem that most Spiritualistic writers are either quite ignorant of the Bible, or else something worse may be affirmed of them.—The thousand and one crudities, not to say absurdities of modern orthodoxy, the Scriptures ought not to be held accountable for. I have been familiar with infidel writings for a quarter of a century, and I am sorry that Spiritualists should pursue a course so similar to that of all infidels; condemn the Scriptures for teaching dogmas of which in most instances, the writers of the sacred books, so-called, never heard. What did the Scripture writers know of the doctrines of the trinity, total depravity, vicarious atonement, the forgiveness of punishment, &c.? In what part of the Scriptures is the claim of plenary inspiration set up? Where is it affirmed that miracles are a violation of the laws of nature? What Scripture writer negatives the doctrine of human progressiveness by teaching that at death our state is fixed to all eternity?

I hold in common with all religious philosophers or philosophical religionists that all truth is harmonious; that every truth is in harmony with every other truth. And to my mind, the real, actual teachings of the Scriptures possess this characteristic in perfection. I do not mean that there are no mistakes in the historical parts thereof; nor do I think that the remarks and reflections of the historians are in all instances unexceptionable. I have reference to doctrinal didactics, so to speak.

Were I able, not to say competent, how I should like to write and publish a work upon the philosophy and the fact of Divine revelation.

I am a Bible Spiritualist,
I'll not deny that name;
Though by all sorts of bigots hissed,
And made the badge of shame.

I believe a great deal more in Jesus of Nazareth, and even in his apostles, especially him of Tarsus, than I do in the Poughkeepsie seer or clairvoyant, or in Thomas Paine, or even in Swedenborg.

J. L.

OPPOSITION IN THE FIELD.

If Spiritualism continues to develop and spread as it has for the past five years, there must be something more than mortal agency attending its mission, for a vigorous opposition has sprung up in a new quarter, of a very ingenious kind, which bids fair to have a "run."

We refer to the *psychological* method of explaining the phenomena and manifestations of Spirit-intercourse, which is to *the would be* scientific what the demonic theory is to the theological school.

We have no disposition to meddle with this assumption at present, but call attention to it, as not a few men, good, bad, and indifferent, find it convenient to make war on Spiritualism from that stand point. The following items require that we keep it in mind, that we may understand the nature of the opposition. Rev. Alexander Campbell (of Ky.,) has been lecturing in Nashville, Tenn., on his favorite-ism, which for some years has been known as Campbellism, but as he wished to diversify the programme of subjects, he was to deliver a "series of lectures in (Rev.) J. B. Ferguson's church on Neology and Spiritualism." The editor of the (Methodist) Ch. Advocate in making this statement, seems in high glee, and expands in his hope of the destruction of Spiritualism after the following manner:

"Success to him in opposing this miserable humbug, which Mr. C. justly remarked comes from infidelity in the heart of him who is under its influence."

The character of Mr. Campbell is well known in the controversial world as an able disputant, and well versed student in church polemics, but it may be a question for candid consideration, how far Mr. C. or men like him are able to bring free minds and candid Spirits to the investigation, for the warfare which Mr. C. has done already, for his opinions will tend to make him more sensitive to the differences and inharmonies of the Spiritualists than to an acknowledgment of the harmonies of the present phenomena with its antecedents in the New Testament times. We hope little *good* therefore from his efforts, although a naturally able man, an accomplished scholar, without Br. Ferguson will take his assertion up and reduce them to their proper elements. Mr. Campbell was ever ready at denunciation and invective, but in *this* controversy, it will be a waste of breath, other than the exercise of his lungs may be of some benefit to his physical health.

Prof. Grimes is also in the field still doing the dirty work of *cant* and *prejudice*. It happens, however, that the name of "Grimes" has a *modern* as well as an ancient notoriety, so that he may be permitted to do violence to science, and play ever so many "fantastic tricks before high heaven" and "the audience," without much injury to Spiritualism. At the last account, he was in Watertown, N. Y., where the N. Y. Reformer says:

"He accounts for all the remarkable phenomena of Spiritualism however, on scientific principles, without resort to the Spirits of the departed dead. He shows clearly how honest people have been mistaken in erroneously attributing to Spirits, phenomena, sights and sensations, which they have experienced, when in a mesmerized state.

"The Professor has a rare quality of combining amusement with instruction on this mysterious subject."

Long Island seems to be a fruitful place for exposing Spiritualism, for the Suffolk Democrat informs us that a Mr. Swift has been making a complete tour of the Island, exposing "Spirit Rapping." Churches have been opened for him and placed at his service, for it seems to be a standing advertisement that

"During the evening the Spirit-rapping delusion will be investigated, and shown up to the satisfaction of all candid persons, and to the amusement of all present."

It is to be hoped, that some sense may be said by this "individual" during his stay on the Island, as some parts of it are not eminent for either intelligence or liberality. We wish to remind all who may sympathize with the lecturer, that "the race is not to the 'swift,' nor the battle to the strong," that they may soften their regrets, if Spiritualism does not hide its "diminished head" after *such* efforts for its demolition. These conceptions of Spiritualism, however, are "*stale, flat, unprofitable*, for they no more reflect the nature and genius of Spirit-intercourse, &c., than infancy and childhood does the splendor and beauty of a developed and harmonized manhood. The consolation for all such attacks is in the conviction that God so rules the destiny of things, having ordained the economy of nature, that even the work of envy and crime is made to minister to his glory and the general good. As it was in the beginning, so shall it be even unto the end of all conflict and opposition.

MR. F. C. EWER'S LETTER.

Having in a measure criticized this letter at the Conference, an account of which may be seen in another column, we have little more to say on the subject. We wish the reader to understand, however, the nature of the faith we had in Mr. Ewer's communications, for, if he supposes, we wished to make capital out of the marvels there set forth, he mistakes the nature of our position.

That we are and have been misunderstood, is evident from the letter of Mr. W. J. Bauer, published in the New York Herald of March 15. He remarks as follows:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

One or two facts in relation to F. C. Ewer's letter, published in Monday's Herald, should be stated in justice to the Spiritualists of this city.

The first is, that with the exception of Judge Edmonds, and Mr. Toohey, the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist, the fiction of Mr. Ewer was received with universal skepticism. This is shown by the fact that at a large Conference of Spiritualists, held a few evenings after Mr. Ewer's fiction was published in this city, there was but one man possessed of sufficient credulity to manifest the slightest faith in the story, and this man was Mr. Toohey.

Now, this "individual" may be authorized to say how much or how little "*credulity*" there was in that Conference, but if he had changed the word "*credulity*" to that of *honesty*, he would have come nearer the *fact*, for we have as good a right to translate the *silence* of that body in *our behalf* as to concede it was against us. And we are at a loss to comprehend by what method Mr. B. possessed himself of the necessary information to publish an opinion on the subject. It may be that he is one of the guardians of Spiritualism, and knows just *how* much to believe, and the exact time to exercise such credence, but we shall have to know more of Mr. B. as an individual, and the class he represents, before we conclude he is much "*wiser than his fellows.*" To say truth, however, we have neither confidence in, nor respect for, that *thin skinned* Spiritualism that *fears* both to trust the Spirits in and out of the flesh; for while the world is materialistic and skeptical in its criticisms, it and its authority are made the tribunals at which and by which Spiritualism is adjudged. This is proved from the *fact* that many never venture an opinion until it is *demonstrated*, and has already given the public the right to ask, if this communication was given at such a time, and you believed it to be Spiritual. "*Why* did *you not* give it to the public?"

If the world's progress had to depend on such minds for its heroes and reformers, progress would be slim indeed. The *faith* we had in those articles published in the Pioneer, and copied into Nos. 28 and 30 of this paper, was a faith we cherish for *human* not Spiritual nature, and was predicated on the following reflections at the time.—Christian Spiritualist, Nov. 18.

"Let the reader, however, think for a moment, on the *possibility* of *three* men giving their names to a document for the purpose of *humbugging* the credulous of the age, and what a state of Spiritual and mental corruption does it reveal? What a state of religious destitution and poverty is manifested in a society that can look on such religious frauds and call them a hoax, and laugh at the whole thing as a capital joke. We are amazed at the cold indifference with which some persons speak of the impositions of society, remembering that the boy-poet, Chatterton, has been consigned to one of the public bells of public opinion, because he attempted a literary *fraud*."

We say this is a faith we have in *human* nature, because we know the one better than the other, and we considered the publication of such narrative if not true, little short of *moral suicide*, and that we thought no *sane* man wishing to publish a monthly journal would do. The surprise of Mr. Ewer at finding his narrative understood as *fact* instead of *fiction* is absurd from the evidence already published, and his own account for the moving of *his hand without any assignable cause* is as much a violation of *known* law as the items he brings forth in self defence. Beside which, the *fact* (of which Mr. Ewer informs us,) that "any little girl" seen in his company calls forth the inquiry from all persons, "*Is that little Jane Lane?*" proves that our reading the communications as a narrative of fact, is the only way to read them, and stamps Mr. Ewer's get-off as an important failure and a falsehood.

Lastly, Mr. Ewer finds fault with Mr. Austin, for the manner in which he investigated the matter in San Francisco, but when Mr. Austin states in his letter to Judge Edmonds that "Mr. Harris was *present* at the *death bed* of Mr. Lane," and that "the *facts are as stated*," what need of looking after the house or any external evidence? None, without Mr. Austin conceived the whole affair to have been *conceived in sin* and *born in iniquity*, for language so *positive* and direct makes mistake impossible.

As the matter now stands, Mr. Ewer is implicated in a *fraud*, which has done much to awaken suspicion, and make man the enemy of his fellow, by making such skepticism necessary.

We conclude these remarks by annexing the letter of Judge Edmonds to the Editor of the Herald, as it is pertinent to the issue:

No. 85 Chambers Street, March 14, 1855.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

Your paper of the 12th contains a letter from San Francisco, with the signature of F. C. Ewer, from which it appears that I was fool enough to receive as true an article under his own name, published in the Pioneer, a monthly magazine edited by him, and which purported on its face to be the relation of facts within his own knowledge.

It is true I did so receive it. But I also received a letter from a gentleman of San Francisco, assuring me of its truth. I learned on inquiry, that Mr. E. had an office under the general government. Mr. Le Compte, one of the publishers of the Pioneer, at that time in this city, and one or two others who professed to know him, gave the assurance that Mr. Ewer was a gentleman utterly incapable of perpetrating such a fraud as that would be if not the truth. Mr. Ewer himself sent to me, by a gentleman direct from San Francisco, a copy of his magazine, without the slightest intimation on his part that the articles were otherwise than what they professed to be, namely, the relation of an actual fact, but that, on the contrary, he had said to his messenger, when interrogated by him, "Do you think I would publish a lie under my own name?" And twice, through a medium in whom communications I had been in the habit of placing a good deal of confidence, I received messages which tended in the same direction,

It was under these circumstances that I trusted to the truthfulness of Mr. Ewer; and now it would seem—if this letter to you is genuine—that I was gulled and imposed upon by a fabrication.

If the object of the device, and all the pains taken to carry it out, was to impose on my confidence, it has been successful.

If the object was to show me the dangers of Spiritual intercourse, and how liable we are to be deceived by false or fabricated communications, it was quite unnecessary, for I long ago learned that, and have earnestly, once and again, given utterance to a warning against that danger.

If the object was to give me the pain of learning that a gentleman occupying a public station, and appearing before the world as the editor of a magazine having some pretension to a standing in our literature, was unworthy the confidence I had reposed in his word—it was equally unnecessary, for I had already learned the public use he had made of a private letter which I had written him in the confidence which I hope will always obtain among gentlemen, and it was not demanded that he should superadd to it the humiliation of proclaiming his own fraud.

If the purpose was to convince me that men having a fair exterior could still be otherwise than what they seemed, it was also unnecessary, for I had not presided so long over a criminal court without learning something of the degradation to which the influence of evil passions and a perverted education, may sink the fairest seeming among us.

But if the purpose was to induce me to withhold all confidence in my fellow man, or all reliance upon Spirit-communion, it has signally failed.

I have been imposed upon many times in my life, and, as I grow older, and the instances multiply around me, I am admonished to greater caution than was habitual with me in my more confiding years. But I cannot yet withhold all confidence in my fellow man, or in the testimony, on any subject, which may reach me through his instrumentality.

J. W. Edmonds.

THE CONVERSION OF THE PRESS.

Whenever a new truth has rolled itself into notice, and knocked at the Spirit's door for entrance, the "Conservative" has manifested great uneasiness and anxiety of mind, as if the well-being of society was at stake, and God—Providence about to end. On all such occasions, the calm and dispassionate reasoner has said to himself or others, if *this thing* is of God ye *cannot destroy it*, but if it is *not*, it will come to nought. The uniform teachings of history can form the profound significancy of the saying, and should ere this, have taught the children of earth *modesty*, on all matters that are in the least associated with, or like to be related to the government and economy of God.

The time was, when the "Chief of Sinners," was like to be some *priest*, who scenting heresy afar off, denounced the *invention, discovery*, or *reform*, as the child of the devil; or spoke of it as a thing of evil, to be condemned and cast out of the Synagogue. The Editor has in a measure taken the place of the priest of the middle ages, for the Gospel of the nineteenth century, is according to law, more than Matthew, Mark, Luke or John, and the *denunciations* of the press have in a measure superceded the necessity for pulpit labors of that kind. Still the pulpit has done its share of the work, perhaps from the force of habit and a desire to be consistent with historic antecedents. Be that as it may, the war of words is fast passing away, for the pulpit is nearly silent on the heresies and absurdities of Spiritualism; and the press seems to have grown open to conviction, for the columns of many papers are now more or less used for discussing the claims of the phenomena, and the philosophy deducible from such premise.

In proof of this assertion, the reader will find on the fourth page of this paper, some able articles, which we have selected from our exchanges. We have seen articles in the Boston Mail and Herald, in favor of Spiritualism papers, that a few years ago, were ever delighted at the opportunity, that gave them the means of making Spiritualism "deeply, darkly, beautifully," silly and ridiculous. We can *not* say they would *not* find pleasure in doing the same now, but the *fact*, that their columns are open to an answer, rejoinder, or explanation, elevates them, and the subject, from the *plain* of censure and condemnation, to that of argument and discussion, where conscience and reason are authority.

The *Conservative* element, however, is not only necessary to the complete investigation of all truths, but essentially necessary where the passions and feelings of society are like to be *interested* in the issues made, and the consequences resulting from the controversy; for if public opinion was easily changed there could be *no* fundamental or well established premise, by which these issues could be explained, and their results harmonized to the *general good*. We do not deprecate nor ignore the conservative elements therefore, in the press or pulpit, but regret the necessity for all denunciation, prejudice and invective, inasmuch as they appeal to the feelings rather than the reason, and are apt to enlist a body guard of passions under the sacred name of religion, that are unworthy the association and a disgrace to the cause they advocate.

The articles referred to already, not only make us acquainted with new phases in the signs of the times, but as the Spirit and logic of the argument, which has thus far attended the unfolding of Spiritualism. How far we may have to go back or forward, for the true philosophy of Spiritualism and Spirit intercourse, we cannot now inquire, but the press can aid in the discussion and ultimate explanation, by making the press the mouth-piece of a liberal and honest philosophy. For our own part, we prefer to go to the New Testament, for the simplicity of the narrative gives it a deeper significancy, while it leaves the mind free to construct its own philosophy.

Swedenborg may give suggestive aid, but there are points in his theology that require as much reasoning to explain and harmonize with the facts and philosophy of progress, as the phenomena of Spirit interconrse itself; so that little is gained in proving one hypothesis by another. If the members of the press and pulpit however, are true to themselves, they will *first* get facts, then reason, and *lastly* give us their opinion and philosophy, for it is absolutety necessary that we *prove all things*, before we can hold fast that *which* is *good*.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

The Christian Repository, we are glad to find is disposed to treat presumed dissent from their particular views liberally. This is as it should be, for when a man truthfully declares that which he believes, should he be for ever viewed as "the tainted wether of the flock?" The course they have pursued is certainly more effective than the too-often resorted to method of abuse, and branding with anathema and execration that with which they cannot agree. For a man, even when he has erred, may be reclaimed by kindness when he never could be coerced by violence to change his opinion—even in such a course there may be policy. The subject which called forth the editorial remarks, was a letter written by Br. Thomas to Dr. Quimby, of the Star. We give their quotation from Br. Thomas' letter, "which is full of the meek spirit of the gospel:"—

"I beg permission, in this connection, to enter my protest against the manner in which Br. Mayo, late of Gloucester, Mass. and now (I understand) of Cleveland, Ohio, has been treated by a portion of the Universalist press. It is of small consequence to me what his denominational preference is, (if any)—nor by what name the congregation to which he ministers is known—nor what his people profess or believe—nor what he preaches, so long as I feel the assurance that he is a Universalist of the Christian School—and of this I have never heard a doubt hinted. His admirable book, 'The Balance,' contains more distinctive Universalism than Dr. Chapin ever wrote; and I am sure that the sermons of Br. Mayo, wherever he may be, are full of Universalism, though they may contain nothing about it dogmatically. If, by means of his fine talents, amiable manners, and pure life, he shall succeed in gathering a large congregation of Unitarians, Universalists, Quakers, Spiritualists Nothingarians, Orthodox, Infidels, or anything else, I shall greatly rejoice—for I am confident that no man can long sit under his ministry without experiencing a wholesome religious influence. If he has cast out demons in Christ's name, what matters it whether he travels in our denominational company, or walks alone?"

EVA PARTY.

SATURDAY EVENING—MARCH 10, 1855.

The following *notes* from "*Our Circle*," are published not only for the good sense they contain, but to have those reasoners know the way in which some Spiritualists spend their time, while investigating the phenomena and the character of the answers, when given. It must be a sad mind and bigoted Spirit, that can read such, and think they come from "demons or devils," for if a tree is known by its fruit, the communicating Spirits must be good. We do not wish to moralize on the subject, and therefore leave the subject with the reader.

Some few directions were given for seating the Circle, when prayer was given through Mr. Toohey.

The Circle were then directed to sing; after which the following was telegraphed though the sounds:

Where a few gather together to sing and praise God, the Holy Spirit is near, and no conflicting influence has power to approach. Where confidence may take the place of doubt, there are no inroads to evil communications, all are ministering Spirits and they breathe around you an atmosphere of truth and holiness. They come to encourage you on your ways, they come to tell you something about the home of your fathers in Heaven, and they come to tell you that God is your father and delights in your joy.

Mr. D. was now directed to speak, and in response to his questions the following was given:

You have friends present who wish to make known their love and joy in the new era which has dawned for a day.* Now the month, of the seventh year, in which this blessed dispensation was first made intelligible through this family, has come; and much is credited to your account for thus nobly defending truth, and for the courage you have had in defending the cause of humanity, for truly the Spirits of earth were held in doubt of that uncertain future which orthodoxy held in such dread array. Thousands have left your shore without a single ray of hope to waft them on, and they have slept for ages in dark despair. Would ye know what power can bring them to the light and love of human brotherhood? Would ye know the sacrifices which your friends have made?—Would ye know the sorrowings of angels? Search and you shall be made acquainted with some points which the next septennial shall disclose.

Thomas Paine.

Some remarks were now made by one of the party, when in response the following was given:

Yes, we can rule the affairs of men who live in the light and in harmony with God and pure Spirits, but mercenary men can have no part.

After which the Spirit purporting to be Thomas Paine continued as follows:

I have a desire to speak frankly now, as when I lived on earth. I know that my name carried dread and terror to the superstitious minds who were trammeled with creeds and ignorance; but a new era has dawned, and the same man who lived, erred, and honestly served the cause of his brethren on earth, now sends back his echoing sounds, scarcely audible, and in indistinct sentences, and bids you hasten on in the cause in which you have enlisted and bring all along.

The following communication was then addressed to a member of the Circle:

Friend G——, I have much interest in thy advancement, and I hope thine eyes may be opened to the truth in every sense. If a spirit assume authority or take away thy liberty in any degree, know that he is unprogressed. Go forward in the light of Heaven, and know that God is no respecter of persons. Thy gentle spirit friends have gathered in this group, and now unite their forces with mine, and jointly we bless thee in God's holy name.

George Fox.

The same spirit then continued as follows:

Good will come of investigating one point—the character of mediums, their organization and their development. All are liable to err. You have judgment to prove; therefore, you are accountable. You must beware of wolves in sheep's clothing. If a medium be envious, spirits can come more freely through that channel; if mercenary, through that; if selfish, through that channel; and if the love and good will toward others is more fully developed, you can hold communion through that channel, and speak directly with those who would teach you true philosophy, regardless of a frowning few.

* During the evening of the 31st of March, 1848, the Spirits gave the first manifestation of intelligence to the Fox family, and as the Spirits seem to mark time by septennials, this month is to them the evening of the first day of the manfestations.—Hence they speak of the new era having dawned for a day.

A member of the Circle being rather earnest in his request for a personal communication, now received the following:

Dear Father—I have manifested my love for you by touching you. You will get many more points of interest by submitting to the order as previously arranged. Mary Ann.

The spirit of a little child now gave the following to his mother:

We are all present, dear mother, but we wait and learn. Franklin.

A relative of the child, for whose benefit the Circle is held, now gave as follows:

The little spirit sleeps, and I have left it to communicate my love and gratitude to you for your kindness toward one so helpless, one so innocent, and one so dearly beloved by the angels. God bless it, and all who contribute to its comfort. For many reasons, I will not now give my name. I am her father's mother.

Dr. Gordon, of Philadelphia, now asked the spirits if they would tell him what his mission was in New York, and received this answer:

You will soon see—you can do much to advance truth.

Mr. Toohey asked a few questions, and received the following:

I am sometimes grieved at the course professed Spiritualists have taken, and I feel much gratified at your decision. Keep aloof from speculating, theorising men. They argue many points which they do not understand, and try to build a platform in the sand.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS.

This publication has been delayed from the necessities attending the work of electrotyping the plates; but now we can speak of its issue with certainty. The work will be made additionally interesting to all purchasers, by finding in it a likeness of Gov. Tallmadge and Mr. Linton, the medium. The book will be ready for distribution in a week or ten days from this issue. We are ready, therefore, to receive orders. Liberal discount will be made to the trade, as the "Society" wish the book to get before the reading and thinking public, believing that it has a mission to fill—of use and beauty in the Healing of the Nations.

Harvestings: Sketches in Prose and Verse. By Cyril Hastings. Boston: W. P. Fetridge; New York: J. C. Derby. 1855.

The writing of poetry and the writing of prose seem to require distinct and seperate natures, or qualifications. The thoughts and language, which expand and glitter, in the unbounded liberty, and uncontrolled freedom of the one, lack the condensation and concentration necessary to other.

To the mind fitted for expressing itself in prose, rhyme and metre are dungeon walls, and iron shackles; the prisoner in spite, of himself, often comes up in his restless strides, against the partition, and betrays nervously the clanking of the fetters that bind him. No one at home, and free of thought and pen in the one, should attempt the other. No one, except he be as it were "born to the task," can command the requisite abruptness and still retain the harmony of poetic measure; it is absolutely impossible to be of high order in both. The "poet's license" is a mere complimentary fiction—he *has* no license, the rythmical flow of his words comes naturally as the running of a brook in summer time; he may hunt up what themes and ideas he pleases, but they must all be expressed in this way; he has not the liberty of setting it aside. If there be any license it is the indisputable property of the writers of the other class, who in their wanderings can take what wings and ways are most congenial. These thoughts arose in our mind on reading this volume of "Harvestings." There is a sort of Arabian Nights' gleam of romance and witchery about the sketches and tales in this book, which is by no means equaled in her poetic essays. These are often graceful, sometimes forcible, but they do not give sufficient scope to the peculiar genius and sweeping fancy of the author. She cannot enter in this department of writing upon a tract of thought, nor a strength of language sufficient to satisfy herself. Her style as a prose writer is very picturesque, and her conceptions take naturally a vivid form of expression; words flow freely from her lips. She is evidently no uncultivated intellect, making an ambitious trial of that which it has no power to accomplish. The plentiful fruit gathered in this harvesting, show that the seed sown has been good. And when a deeper experience of life, and the wider range of thought which it will bring, has mellowed and toned the imagination, and rendered the judgment more discriminating, "Sybil" will take with honor that position in the literary world which her talents award her. She will see the world then with stronger and clearer eyes; its deep necessities, its solemn demands, its fearful and unromantic realities. She will have less time for her pen amid the brilliancies of fashionable life and the miseries of gorgeous saloons. The troubles that develope themselves in the hot beds of pleasure, will move less her earnest heart than those knotted, deformed, misshaped things, which struggle up amid the winter and gloom of a stern and practical life. The following extracts will serve to exhibit some of the peculiarities of this writer; they are taken from the tale entitled "*Mists of the Spirits.*" We do not consider it equal in power to the "Signet Ring," and one or two others, but as the idea woven through it is no doubt founded on the Spiritual theory, it will coincide better with the character of this paper:

A. L. H.

"When that intoxicating music swells upon my ear, when gay companions crowd around me, my guardian Spirit veils its face in sadness, for I forget myself. I am no longer Joya the serene, glad girl, but Joya the proud vain, worldly woman.—Yet when the spell is broken I see no beauty in the face which memory recals,—a woman's face flushed with triumph. They who have called me beautiful would turn away from these pallid cheeks and dimmed eyes; for I am myself now more worthy of those who I feel are watching over me. Though no visible presence is here, yet there are angels around me filling my soul with humility and penitence.

"Father in heaven, thou art thrilling thy child, thy penitent child's heart with peace. It beat less widely in the saloon tonight; it paid less heed to the music and the dance; it forgot the diamonds clasping the folds of her costly robe. Something brighter was with her. Ah! why dost that gaze, that earnest, brightened gaze, haunt me thus?

"When dear old Cathy died, I thought with her passed away mysteries unfathomed in my childish grasp. I thought contact with the busy world had chased away the phantom of dreams which were with me in childhood. It is a glad, holy faith that nestles to my heart, this belief in angels' watchful care: I would not put from my bosom the thought that the clear eyes of our lost darling, our brother Willie, are ever on me; but, O! there are times when a rustling step pursues me, a cold breath fans my cheek, and a weight of woe comes o'er me that chills me as the presence of something fearful.

"I would, sweet mother, that when in other years you won me in the early evening to open my heart to you, you had checked this then premature desire to fathom the mysteries of life; for my child's brain lacked strength to meet the Spirit's curiosity—it has unnerved me for realities. I am less fitted to struggle with trials and care; but, Father, with Thy aid, I will be strong, and wrestle with my weakness. It is but idle fancy; I will put from me the memory of the glance which has haunted me; and, if called by a nearer knowledge of their owner to do so, I will look into the clear depths of those dark eyes, and seek there to fathom, not the mysterious link which has bound me to their memory. I will—" Suddenly her pen ceased to move, for something brushed heavily against the folds of the curtain. It floated back, and a bunch of flowers, fresh gathered, glittering with dew, fell at her feet. She raised them, bent over them, and when again she lifted her head, on her lip there glittered a heavy dew-drop. She wrote no more that night.

THE PUBLIC CIRCLE.

The publication of the Public Circle, projected for the purpose of enabling Mr. Conklin to devote a portion of his time to giving free circles, has appeared. It contains a selection of facts occurring at the table of Mr. Conklin, which may reach many minds, and so is calculated for usefulness. The object of its issue is a laudable one, and we trust that the spiritual body will do their best to forward the end in view, and make efforts to obtain for the periodical such a circulation as shall enable Mr. C. to devote at present a portion, and, eventually, the whole of his time to attendance on free circles. This is a desideratum which all Spiritualists have felt and acknowledged to be a necessity; for numbers there are willing to investigate, yet who are unwilling to pay to witness that which in their own minds they are convinced is a delusion.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE WEST.

The history of Spiritualism like the histories of nearly every other reform, seems to warrant the assumption that a minister or priest must of necessity, be a conservative in position and anti-progressive in Spirit, so uniform has been the opposition of theology to reform. Still, there are honorable and noble exceptions, and these should teach the mind discrimination, when speaking of the Church and its members.

The following notice of a lecture recently delivered in Cincinnati, we copy from the Daily Mail of that city, as it gives indication of a man in whom "there is no guile," and stimulates hope on the side of church reform. We hope the members of the church will be *imitators* of the minister in this bold and independent Spirit, for it will not only awaken a disposition to investigate the phenomena, but make them seekers and lovers of the truth. Nor is this all, for the getting of such ministers to lead in all kinds of Spiritual reforms, and sustaining them by following their example, will prove the shortest and most effective means to vindicate the claims, sustain the dignity and give authority to religion and the church. The issues of theology with human nature, science and reform is more the result of a mistake in premise than bad reasoning in detail, for if men think themselves qualified to judge of the fitness of a reform or the value of a fact by some abstract *priori* theory, be their motives ever so pure, mankind will laugh at the assumption, ridicule the reasoning, and end the issue by ignoring the church and its relations.

We commend the spirit and philosophy of the following, and thank the friend for sending us.

Rev. Mr. Dearborn's Lectures on Spiritualism.—This new *ism*, for it is nothing less, seems like a fresh returning wave, again to visit us. And why should it not? Who is afraid of it, and what is there to be afraid about? What saith the sacred volume itself, "If this thing be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; but if it be of man, it will come to nought!"—What thing? Anything—everything, no matter what. The man, or class of men who would attempt to set bounds or limits to the human mind, is no friend to man as a progressive being, and belongeth not to the present but to the past,—"Hitherto shalt thou go, *but no further*," is that creed. Such a despotism is now too late,—it is the fag end of the crude notions of preceding centuries, there let it rest.

We were led into these reflections last evening from hearing the Rev. Mr. Dearborn, of the Second Christian Church, on Sixth street, between Smith and Mound, on "The Religious Aspect of Spiritualism." The audience was large and highly respectable.

The Rev. gentleman took for his text the 9th verse of chap. i, of John's Gospel: "That was the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Mr. Dearborn prefaced his lecture by relating his own personal experience in Spiritual matters, so-called. In 1852, in a Southern city, he was induced, he said, by friends, to attend a "circle" and participate in their investigations. Questions were asked, and intelligently answered by table-tippings, as it is called. He asked several questions, and it was indicated that he was a *medium* himself, by the same process. His questions, however, were all very correctly answered, but by whom, or through what agency, he could not pretend to say.

From his text he took occasion to observe, that the recommendation in another part of the sacred volume was correct,—"Believe not every Spirit, but *try* all things." From whence he argued that it was wrong to refuse to investigate this question of Spiritualism, or any other question that might arise in the human mind. That it was right and proper to sift it fully—to test its truth, &c.

The fear of professors of religion to investigate these matters, he said, was wrong. If religion would not bear the test of all investigation, or the Bible withstand all and every assault, religion and the Bible should be thrown aside. It was said that Geology had been used against the Bible, because Prof. Agassiz had discovered fossil remains in Florida, said to be 250,000 years old; and Hugh Miller, of Scotland, had found lava twice that age, as indicated by geology. Phrenology, mesmerism, and kindred sciences had all been arrayed against religion. So of Spiritualism; many had become deranged in its investigation; religion itself had done the same injury to man. But was all this a reason against investigation in any shape? By no means. John Locke held that most men were insane at times on some subject. It was generally the manner of investigation that did the injury.

The lecturer, furthermore, contended, that if religion could be destroyed by Geology, Spiritualism, or any other *ism*, then it was a *lie*—he wouldn't accept religion upon any such terms. Fear, then, of investigation was criminally wrong. Let us know all the enemies of religion that we refute their assaults.—If it be genuine, it will stand—if it be spurious, it will fall.

The Rev. gentleman enchained the attention of his audience for an hour and a half. He is an eloquent speaker, and pleasing withal—thoroughly imbued with a correct Young America progressive Spirit—a Spirit which is now doing a vast amount of good in the world by its boldness of speech, ardent search after truth, steady purpose of investigation, and a determination to hold fast that which is good and rejecting only that which is evil.

We shall be happy to hear this talented young man again next Lord's day, as he has promised to resume the subject on that evening, and we do not think that it would at all hurt any of our modern "wise and prudent" to go and do likewise.

PSYCHOMETRICAL CHARACTER OF THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. KELLOGG, MEDIUM.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist—*Sir:* Having in my possession an autograph signature of the Queen of England, I took it with me to Mrs. Kellogg, and requested she would psychometrize it. I did not say what it was, nor by word or act give her any intimation of that which it was. The manner of the presentment tended to deceive rather than otherwise, as on one side of the paper was the privy seal of Great Britain. She took it into her hand, according to her usual course, and with shut eyes began the portraiture, nor did she open them until the delineation was completed, and was somewhat astonished when she was told what she had said, not seeing its solution. If you deem it worthy of publication, it is at your service.

Yours in truth,

S. Billing.

"The feeling with which I am impressed is one of magnificence, majesty, and power. I am at a loss to describe the sensation I experience—I do not think it is spirit writing, yet the person who wrote it must be one of a very exalted position. The sensation I experience is not like that I felt when I psychometrised the writing of King, (the spirit of Koon's room,) yet little short in exaltation. There is freedom and boldness—I should say the writer was in someway connected with people, as though the business of this person was with them. I cannot say whether it is a female, for my sensation seemed to denote more than female power—individuality and causality are very active—I should say as a great observer, reverence and benevolence are both large; the former rather directed to religious feeling, the latter to active kindnesses; has great independence, and is indifferent to personal appearance, and yet withal there are traits in this organization which I do not quite fancy. There appears to be a heavy dark line pervading the intellectual region—a black streak, as it were, extending through them. It is not impossible that insanity may sometimes darken

the beauty of this temperament. I cannot think a person with this organization would act blindly. There is a force about them which impels them to act sometimes against the will, and when this occurs, regret is always its accompaniment. This force does not appear exactly like force of character, yet I am at a loss to describe it. The sensation I experience is different to any I ever experienced before. I cannot say I think this person is always frank, for I see a great disposition at times to conceal the thoughts. It may be policy, for it does not appear to be the natural disposition, yet secretiveness is not by any means wanting—there are times when the greatest frankness pervades. There appears to be very contrary feelings in this organization. Can conscientiousness be a ruling characteristic of this person? There seems to be a disposition not exactly to overbear but to command, yet not through force of character. Even in acquisitiveness, I find a contradiction—I cannot say penuriousness is a characteristic, yet I do find a great propensity to save. Means do not seem to be acquired by labor, yet when obtained, not freely expended. There seems to be a disposition for saving, yet without any apparent necessity, and yet not for the purpose of hoarding, (i. e.) hoarding for the sake of hoardency. I do not think this person can be very heedful of the opinions of others, for there seems to be a complete independence of action. The organization is a very strange one; I do not discern that particular quickness of intellect which I should expect; yet power, in every way, seems to surround the person. I cannot account for these seeming contradictions, but yet I see them."

Question.—Are you sure it is not a female?

Answer—No; yet I do not discern the usual characteristics; it is all power and greatness.

The medium here awoke, and when that which she said was told her, she said she could not understand it; but when told that the writing was an official autograph of the Queen of England, and the hard substance she had felt was the royal privy seal, she then said she could understand it all.

P. S.—Your readers, or those conversant with the character of the British Queen, must be the judges of the truth of the portraiture. The exhibition was of a very singular character, and the medium throughout appeared to be in a perfect mist, endeavoring to reconcile the contradictions. S. B.

Poetry.

And Poesy too shall lend her aid.
Persuading as she sings,—
Scattering o'er your shaded earth
Sweet incense from her wings.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

SONG.

The soul grew sick—a poisoned cup
Drained to its dregs drank up its life,
A shuddering chill o'ercame its will,
Till eye and pulse sank in the strife.

Where turned it then in that dread hour,
Where could it? but to Thee alone,
No heart was nigh to hear its sigh,
Save thine alone, Thou Mighty One!

And dashing from its filmed sight
The mists that Death closed o'er the eye,
Its fears beguiled, while round it smiled
A new Creation's harmony.

One note rang highest from that choir,
A victor's triumph it proclaimed;
The gates *of* Hell before it fell,
And lo! it *my* deliverer named. A. H.

Brooklyn, L. I.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

THE VISION.

A FRAGMENT.

Then sank my soul in vision sweet,
As when long absent lovers meet;
Or when the midnight storm gives way,
Or blandly smiles the opening day,—
Or when the harvests corn and oil,
Rewards the lab'rer for his toil;
Or when the prisoner on his cell
Turns his last look, a blithe farewell;
As wrecked or stranded mariner,
Hails with his glass some vessel near;
As slave with fetters newly broke
Mutters his curse on freedom's yoke,
And learns that on a *kingly* soil,
He owns himself, his sweat, his toil;
So sank I from my world of care,
Into a scene so wondrous fair,
That Araby in dreamy tale
Ne'er saw so wild so sweet a vale;
No "Happy Valley's" Nubian sun
E'er glittered where such streamlets run:
Not Hesperides' golden fruit,
Nor yet the notes of Houries' lute,
Nor promised joys that shall entwine,
The devotee of Mecca's shrine;
Nor Ganges Vishnu lotus crowned,
Where Brahma's mystic groves abound;
Nor silvery stream of hidden source,
That o'er the desert winds its course,
E'er brake upon the traveler's eye,
When parched and faint he sank to die.
As did that heaven of heaven's I dreamed,
When hopes of joy were what they seemed,
The mind was an empyrean soul
Through which a universe could roll,
Played with the planets as a toy,
So mighty seemed its power of joy.

Brooklyn, L. I. A. H.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

INSPIRATION.

The faculties of the mind in its various phases of development are but little known or understood, and in proportion as the veil that has shadowed the perceptions of the intellect is lifted up, so will the divine attributes of the mind become disenthralled from its many and darksome shadows.

The various and unlimitable forms in which the Spirits of our departed friends return and present themselves to us for recognition, calls upon us to exercise greater caution, and ask for more severe and rigid tests, that we may to a certainty know that it is indeed those whom they purport to be.

As we become more advanced and seek for greater and purer truths, that are always descending, our hearts will become expanded with the love that burns within, and the once little spark that lay smouldering beneath the rubbish of sectarianism, will become enkindled by the intenseness of our desires, fanned by the holy and pure zephyrs from Heaven, guided by the angelic hosts that descend from their celestial spheres. Our progress is rapid and onward, until at last we find that which seemed to be a mystery to us, is made plain and clear to our understanding.

Often does the man of literary attainments marvel at his own productions, and well he may, for they are called forth by the great and powerful influence of the Spirit that is constantly watching over, and guiding him in the production of those gems that call forth the praise and admiration of the world. There is not one of the "literati" but what will say they write better and with greater fluency sometimes than at others. If it was but the working of their own imagination and intellect as brought forth by education and culture, why not write as well at one time as at another? The fact of such not being the case, shows clearly to the unprejudiced mind that *there is something* about them over which they have no control, and if this is admitted, then springs forth the question, what is it, by what laws and under what conditions can this something be made subservient to the will?—And thus be made useful to man, enabling him to put forth at all times and under all circumstances, those faculties of mind that have so long lain dormant, and bring forth their expression in the sweet and beauteous poetry that always awakeneth within the soul the lovely and sublime.

Of the various forms and development of media, there is one of which I would particularly call the attention of the reader, as I feel it is but little understood or appreciated, I mean "Inspiration."—Too often are the utterances of the partial media, when in the receptivity of their passiveness they give forth the impressions made upon their minds, considered as being controlled by the Spirit of a beloved friend or relative, when in fact, their interior souls have only been quickened by the pure and divine essence of love and goodness that enters into the hearts of all, when they have become sufficiently cleansed and purified from the grossness of earth.

There is a divine Spirit that always flows spontaneously throughout the realms of eternal space.—The emanations from all that is good and lovely in the Spiritual life and universe, and when the soul is by its own purity brought into rapport with this essence, it flows into the heart with a spontaneity that astonishes the recipient, who is led to infer that it is the direct controlling influence of the Spirit of some dear friend returned to give them instruction.

To give a clearer and more lucid understanding, and an illustration in proof of the fact of "Inspiration" descending upon earth's children to-day, as it did in the days of the apostles, I will but refer to that which has been called the "Power of the Spirit" by the Methodist church, (although they, from the sectarian bias given to their minds have looked upon it as being the Spirit of God personally, who has made *their* church a particular and special recipient of his divine pleasure and immaculate love.) Yet, there is much truth in their view of it, while we, as Spiritualists, being more free and less liable to such egotistical and selfish conceits, are willing to admit, and upon all occasions do give them credit for being sincere and really experiencing this influence. Yet, we too, err, when we assume that it is the influence of "just men made perfect," for we have not one solitary fact to sustain us in the assertion, and while we are ever ready to condemn all that does not come up to the moral and Spiritual stand point we ourselves have assumed, we are fast falling into the same gulf with our predecessors and rapidly being covered up with the ruins of the crumbling towers of dogmatism and egotism which eventually will bury us as deep beneath its rubbish as the sectarian has been for ages past.

There is a divine, a pure, and renovating essence that descends upon all, and waits but for the soul of man to become in rapport with it, to enter as the sun beams into the dungeon of the captive, giving warmth, and joy, and hope, that at no distant period of time they may again return to the sphere of brightness where the Spirit untramelled, shall have its liberty, and as it progresses onward and upward, it will drink in the crystal waters of truth that shall comfort the desolate, and be a balm to the wounded and weary traveler on his march toward the mansions of his Father in Heaven.

The position which I assume is, that man like the æolian, is moved by the gentle breath of purity, love, and truth, as given forth from the more elevated and refined Spiritual existences, and as there is a constant emanation from all in nature in this sphere, these must of necessity be from Spirits in the sphere above, and as in the chemical analyses of nature, it is shown that particles are attracted to, or repulsed from each other by their attractive properties in accordance with the laws of affinity, so is it with the divine essence that flows ceaselessly from the pure and elevated spheres. It descends upon all, but in degree of fullness or otherwise as the receptive faculties of the media are developed.

By a proper train of culture, expanding the finer sensibilities of our inward natures, we are enabled to appreciate and follow out the teaching of Christ "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and by so doing these hitherto unknown, undeveloped faculties of the mind will become more enlarged, and the receptivity of the brain will be quickened, while the whole individual will become improved and progress toward to the great centre of all truth and light.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

INFLUX.

A new name for an old thought—a thought as old as man. For from the beginning it was so, that man was conscious of a faculty, however dimly revealed, by which his relations to a higher life were manifested to him, an evident faculty of *receiving* from some higher source than any manifest to the senses, whatever it might be. And in the world's infantile stage, man was more receptive of this higher influence than he afterwards became, as the external more and more developed itself. Still "God hath *never* left himself without a witness" in the earth.

And there have always been from the beginning men more cognizant than the mass of their fellows of this divine afflatus, and conversing as it were easily and constantly by means of their freer interiors with the Heavens. These early came to be looked upon as oracles or priests and prophets unto men; mouth-pieces through which heavenly wisdom was communicated to earth. From the beginning also, men blinded by their lust of power, began to make the grave mistake of conferring *external* honor and power on these, their priests and prophets. Not knowing evidently that by these very means they were depriving them of their only true qualifications for communicating with the inner world. Not seeing that to elevate and develop man in a sensual degree must necessarily close up his interior, and depress and impoverish him in a Spiritual degree.

But it has always been a hard and impossible thing for sensual man to understand this truth, that "out of the mouth of babes," out of the mouth of the simple and receptive, alone can come the wisdom which is divine. Like a hungry infant pressing yearningly and trustingly its mother's yielding breast, must be the soul that would receive the truth from God. And in the measure of its hunger and its trust will the soul of the recipient be filled. While the so-called church has been busy in all ages, like any other "fashionable dame" with making changes in her external attire, and adding to herself outwardly all the graces that could charm the sensual eye and ear; all of true inner light; all of true God-like wisdom has come to man outside of and independent of her. The *true church* has always been composed of those not known by any external sign having "the Lord's mark (Spiritually discernible) written in their foreheads." Among such it has always been an acknowledged truth, that he who asks and waits for, shall receive from God. We find this experience reiterated by every one who gives us any evidence of having communicated Spiritually with Him, whether he be Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, Christian or Infidel to the external understanding. God speaks to men through prophets of his own and not man's choosing. And in spite of sanhedrim, holy college or the thirty-nine articles, God finds his way into every place where there are hearts receptive enough to receive Him.

To exactly define the word *influx* would be hard. We can only say that it is something that comes to satisfy our interior sense, like food to our natural hunger, or water to our natural thirst. It is something which affords sustenance to, and keeps alive our Spiritual nature, manifesting itself in various forms of development, according to our different conformations. One medium of divine influx *sees*, another *hears*, another *speaks*, and thus reveals to his brother what is manifested to himself. But *the method of receiving*, or preparing ourselves to receive this influx demands some attention at our hands. This has been taught us by the truest mediums in all ages of the world. To have the whole being, internal and external in a condition of "silent waiting," of solemn *rest* in the presence of the Infinite, this it is which fits man for the highest communion with the Spiritual world. Many of the old Hebrew prophets speak of this. Madame Guyon, the celebrated French *Quietist*, understood and taught the doctrine. Among the friends or Quakers, it has probably taken the most prominent and tangible form; their whole system of worship being founded on that idea. But among them it has in the natural course of things become a form, though there are still individuals among them with whom it is a sweet and powerful reality. But in all ages, the inspirations that have come to us through poets, painters and musicians, have come out of *quiet* both internal and external in the waiting soul. How clearly for instance, does the wonderful requiem of Mozart reveal to us that *sinking of the will into the divine*, that silent waiting for and faithful expression of interior harmonies, which characterize the true medium. Among ourselves how is this exemplified in the case of our best mediums. Simple childish men and women are they, who when they feel the interior attractions, can leave at once all the demands of the external world and "sink into the deeps of life." We have great promise for the future in the fact that never probably were there more receptive souls upon the earth than now.

The poor external church will soon lay her dead body in the grave. Inspirations are coming now to man from other sources. Literature teems with influx. Witness Shelley, and indeed all the best modern poets and writers. Many appear to us to have been commissioned to preach the new gospel which is now opening itself to man unconsciously to themselves. Simply pouring out of full hearts the portions of wisdom they have obtained by hungerings and thirstings inexpressible; they know not that they are chosen prophets of the Lord. Yet such is the fact. The robed and mitred priest is self-deceived when he considers himself the true representative of God to man. The simple soul, that finding itself unsatisfied with all that the sensual world can offer, struggles to gain the higher life for which it feels interior pantings, is the chosen viceroy of the earth. Carlyle has a good notion of the truth of this, though not by any means a perfect one.

A word now about *prayer*. The little child comes to its mother and *asks* for what it wants; and for what its mother would surely give it whether it asked or not. But how love is quickened by the asking; how pleasure is multiplied in the giving! So with God and man. God gives whether man asks or not; but the peculiar unction of the gift is lost, the *blessing* is wanting where it comes unasked. By prayer which is simply an expression of our hunger and thirst after the gifts our Father bestows upon us in his love; a new tie is formed between the soul and its source; a new love-bond is united every time he prays in Spirit and in truth. And therefore, whether our prayer be with the lips or not, when we turn to God with a waiting and a wistful soul, we shall never fail to be filled and with more and better than we asked for. He who well knew the human heart and its infinite needs said, "Pray without ceasing." Even so let us pray.

Let us, ignoring our own wisdom, seek simply and trustfully that which is wanting to inflow into our souls from the divine. Then shall we be "wiser than the ancients." UNDINE.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

DEATH.

The proper understanding and significancy of death is the only key for the solution of the problem of man's existence here. What is the great ultimate towards which mortal life is ever tending? Death, Since, then, we know that the unvarying course of nature is that of progression, from the lesser to the greater, from the less important to the more important, from the incipient to the full and complete. Death stands before us as the culmination and the perfection of life. Death is that without which life would be valueless.

But as life cannot be known but by those who live, so what death is can only be fully realized by those who live in death, who live in forms that have *died* away from our vision. The death that these have suffered as they look back to it from their advanced position, dwindles into the insignificance of the acorn buried in the dust while its germ of life has ultimated in the high branching oak, inflexible with the storms of centuries.

There is much of true philosophy in the stoic breasts of savage chieftains, setting themselves forth as true men, because they are "not afraid to die." Indeed, he who dreads death is *unmanned*, and is dying before his time.

What are the causes that have arrayed death in such sable hues, and planted him a grim spectre athwart the path that leads onward through our opening being? Did our creator sow in our infant bosoms an inherent and tormenting dread of what he himself has ordained and instituted for us?

Death is but our second birthday, and the prospect of it should no more be overshadowed with gloom than the recurrence of those annual birthdays which bring up to the mind the day upon which we commenced our earthly being.

How unnatural the theology that reaches forward and hangs the tomb with sables, whose dark shadows cast a gloom all along our pathway thither. Nature has no dark sides; and he that cannot reflect on death without dread, has a heart untuned to nature. Nature has created no perspective monster that stands athwart man's highway of progression, to fright him in his onward course. The death that these suffered as they look back to it from their advanced position, dwindles into the insignificance of the acorn buried in the dust while its germ of life has ultimated in the high branching oak, inflexible with the storms of centuries.

There is much of true philosophy in the stoic breasts of savage chieftains, setting themselves forth as true men, because they are "not afraid to die." Indeed, he who dreads death is *unmanned*, and is dying before his time.

What are the causes that have arrayed death in such sable hues, and planted him a grim spectre athwart the path that leads onward through our opening being? Did our creator sow in our infant bosoms an inherent and tormenting dread of what he himself has ordained and instituted for us?

Death is but our second birthday, and the prospect of it should no more be overshadowed with gloom than the recurrence of those annual birthdays which bring up to the mind the day upon which we commenced our earthly being.

How unnatural the theology that reaches forward and hangs the tomb with sables, whose dark shadows cast a gloom all along our pathway thither. Nature has no dark sides; and he that cannot reflect on death without dread, has a heart untuned to nature. Nature has created no perspective monster that stands athwart man's highway of progression, to fright him in his onward course. The death that these have

Poetry.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

DESPONDENCY.

BY FRANCES E. HYER.

As treading life's eventful way
My soul had chilled with earthly storms,
All dim the light of wisdom's ray,
All lost those bright interior forms.

The music from the heavenly spheres,
To my dull ear had died away;
And my lone heart all drench'd with tears,
Wandered in night which knew no day.

In darkness thus I sat alone
In wretchedness so drear,
That not one sympathizing tone,
Could drive away my earth-born fear.

The current of my life seemed still
In those deep waters dark,
And dead the energy of will,
Oh, I was lost. But hark!

A voice breaks on my inner sense,
So full of melody divine—
My soul awakens to the presence
Of angel-tones sublime.

And this in accents sweet and low,
Was whispered in my listening ear:
Expect not perfect bliss below,
But, oh! cast off degrading fear.

Lift from thy eyes the clouds of earth,
And armed with panoply of heaven,
Boldly maintain thy inner birth,
Accept the strength so freely given.

The flittering bonds of earth gave way,
The moaning stream subsides;
And darkness turns to brighter day,
Again my soul confides.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

GLORY! THE END IS NEAR.

BY S. B.

Oh, glory! glory! he has come!
In His pure robe of light;
Glory, glory, then never more,
We know of sin the blight.
Oh, glory! glory! man shall soon
Walk sinless by His power,
And Spirits bright will bless the sight,
Of man through every hour.

Glory! glory! now the freed soul
Knows the fount from whence it came;
And sin dispelled, by Spirits quelled,
Shall bask in heavenly flame.
Glory, glory, our Father hath
His purpose to the race revealed,
His messengers the tidings bear,
And the redeemed with grace are sealed.

Glory! glory! then earthly thought,
Shall prostrate lie in dust;
And sin no more, the soul shall gnaw,
With its corroding dust,
Man in the flesh; he shall be blest,
The barriers torn away—
The veil of darkness rent and riven,
Which hid from him the day.

The time is near, the hour is come,
Spirits shall rule alone;
And by its power, then man shall see
His heart is God's own throne.
The Spirit freed, then man shall be
All radiant, as at first
He walked the ground in Eden's bound,
In truthfulness of trust.

Hark! the choral shout of praise,
It rings within the heart,
The angel song the sounds prolong,
And glorious hopes impart.
Sin powerless falls, and evil's stain,
No more shall pale with fear,
For God has come, by Spirit won,
Glory—the end is near.

New York, March 14,

[From the Saturday Evening Post.]

THE UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

An important lecture has been recently delivered by Professor Owen, at Liverpool, at the 24th annual meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science, of which the Philadelphia Ledger gives the following summary:

The text was, "The Anthropid Apes," which is that species of the ape family most nearly approaching to the human family. He showed, from the teeth and other characteristics, that it was impossible that such a creature could ever have been changed gradually into one of a higher order, as is the theory of the notorious "Vestiges of Creation" school. The whole burden of facts, he said, "must stand in contravention of the hypothesis of transmutation development." He declared that the unity of the human species was demonstrated by the constancy of those osteological and dental characters, to which the attention is particularly directed in investigating the corresponding characters in the highest species of apes. He added, that all the localities in which human bones had been found in doubtful positions, geologically considered, had showed proofs of disturbance, or late formation, and that no such fossils had been discovered in regularly deposited layers of any division of the tertiary series, which had remained undisturbed." We add the following important statement of Professor Owen's conclusions from the facts which he demonstrated. Professor Owen holds the highest place among living comparative anatomists;—

"Thus, therefore, in reference both to the unity of the human species, and to the fact of man being the latest, as he was the highest, of all animal forms upon our planet, the interpretations of God's works coincide with what had been revealed to us as to our own origin and zoological relations in His Word. Of the nature of the creative acts by which the successive races of animals were called into being we were ignorant. But this we know, that, as the evidence of unity of plan testified to the oneness of the Creator, so the modifications of the plan for different modes of existence illustrated the beneficence of the designer. Those structures, moreover, which were at present incomprehensible as adaptations to a special end, were made comprehensible on a higher principle, and a final purpose was gained in relation to human intelligence; for, in the instances where the analogy of humanly invented machines failed to explain the structure of a divinely created organ, such organ did not exist in vain, if its truer comprehension in relation to the divine idea led rational beings to a better conception of their own origin and Creator."

We venture to offer also the following observations of Sydney Smith:

"I confess I treat this subject (the intelligence of the animal creation) with some degree of apprehension and reluctance, because I should be very sorry to do injustice to the poor brutes, who have no professors to revenge their cause, by lecturing on our faculties; and, at the same time, I know there is a very strong anthropical party who view all eulogium on the brute creation with a very considerable degree of suspicion, and look on every compliment which is paid to the ape as high treason to the dignity of man. There may, perhaps, be more of rashness and of ill-fated security in my opinion, than of magnanimity or of liberality; but I confess I feel myself so much at my ease about the superiority of mankind—I have such a marked and decided contempt for the understanding of every baboon I have ever seen—I feel so sure that the ape without a tail will never rival us in poetry, painting, and music, that I see no reason whatever that justice may not be done to the few fragments of soul and tatters of understanding which they may really possess. I have sometimes perhaps felt a little uneasy at Exeter Change from contrasting the monkeys with the 'prentice boys who are teasing them, but a few pages of Locke, or a few lines of Milton, have always restored me to tranquillity. and convinced me that the superiority of man had nothing to fear. . . . .

What have the shadow and mockery of faculties given to beasts to do with the immortality of the soul? Have beasts any general fear of annihilation? Have they any love of posthumous fame? Have they any knowledge of God? Have they ever reached in their conceptions the slightest trace of an hereafter? Can they form the notion of duty and accountability? Is it any violation of any one of the moral attributes of the Deity to suppose that they go back to their dust, and that we do not? It is no reason to say, that because they partake in the slightest degree of our nature, they are entitled to *all* the privileges of our nature; because, upon that principle, if we partook of the nature of any higher order of spirits, we ought to be them and not ourselves, and they ought to be some higher order still, and so on. And if it be inconsistent to suppose a difference in duration, then also it is to suppose a difference in degree of mind, and then every human being has a right to complain he is not a Newton. As facts are fairly stated and boldly brought forward, the more all investigation goes to establish the ancient opinion of man before it was confirmed by revealed religion, that brutes are of this world *only;* that man is imprisoned here only for a season to take a better or a worse hereafter as he deserves it. This old truth is the fountain of all goodness and of justice and kindness among men; may we all feel it intimately, obey it perpetually, and profit by it eternally.—*Elementary Sketches of Morol Philosophy, p.* 238 *and* 272.

[From the Age of Progress.]

SPIRITUALISM AS A RELIGIOUS FAITH.

We have, heretofore, spoken through the columns of the religious teachings of communicating spirits, and of the objections raised against the propagation of the spiritual faith by those educational prejudices, whose constitutional adhesiveness to antiquated systems, and whose temporal interests rise up, as it were instinctively, in opposition to it. So far, however, have we fallen short of exhausting the subject, that we need not fear of returning to it whenever an opportunity favors.

The most desperate of all the opponents of the spiritual religion, are the clergy of the various denominations of Christians, who profess to teach as Christ taught, and to square their lives by the example of his life. These, together with all the intolerant lay members whom they can influence, are now, for the first time in centuries, found harmoniously and zealously battling together, having united their forces against the propagation of the spiritual faith, as the Scribes and Pharisees did against that taught and propagated by Christ and his followers. What is it that the spirits teach, to which the Christian clergy and their devoted adherents take exceptions?

They teach that there is one only true God, and that his attributes are omnipotence, omniscience, goodness and love. They teach that his goodness and love prompt him continually to acts of Fatherly kindness towards all his creatures, and that his omnipotence and omniscience enable him to carry into effect all those promptings, and to accomplish all his purposes. They teach that man, do what he will, cannot place himself beyond the pale of redemption. In whatever condition the man's earth-life places him in the spirit realm, thither the ministerial angels of a loving and merciful Father are sent to teach him the way of redemption, progression and development, and they are led out of the darkness of error into the light of truth, and ascend for ever and ever. They teach that the spirit of each man is continually elevated or depressed, whilst inhabiting the body, by the course of life which he pursues. As the temperature of the atmosphere affects the mercury in the thermometer, so the life of the individual affects his spirit. Every good deed elevates it. Every evil deed depresses it. Every good thought elevates it. Every evil thought depresses it. Every good word spoken of a wrongfully traduced and persecuted brother or sister, coming from a charitable heart, elevates the spirit a thousand fold more than any amount of alms *ostentatiously bestowed;* whilst wilful and malicious detraction, though it do not prejudice the object at which it is aimed, will sink the spirit lower than a homicide committed without previous intention, in the moment of excited passion. Thus a continual balance is kept by the operation of this law of cause and effect. There is no book of debt and credit needed for any individual. Each one stands at the point of elevation or depression to which his course of life carries him; and, at the transition from the earth-life to the spirit-life, he necessarily and inevitably takes the same degree of elevation, be it high or low. It teaches that the only way in which we can serve our Heavenly Father acceptably, is to serve each other faithfully as brethren. It teaches that God loves his children—*all* his children, and that our highest duty towards him, consists in doing all the good we can to each other.

It teaches that God governs the universe by natural laws; that miracles, if they were ever wrought, would be violations of God's laws, and that he never did and never will violate a law of nature, because all natural laws are of his own enactment. It teaches that the messengers whom God sends on missions of love and mercy to his incarnate children, do not and cannot perform any thing contrary to the laws of nature. Hence there is nothing in what they do which could excite astonishment in any mind, if the laws of nature were properly understood. It teaches that the spirit of man is the noblest of all the creations of God; but it does not arrogate this superiority to the inhabitants of this comparatively undeveloped planet. Man has his type in an infinitude of worlds of universes, some in a lower and some in a higher state of development. Hence when it is claimed that the spirit of man is the noblest of God's creations, the idea is not to be limited to the genus *homo* on this globe.

To enumerate all the teachings of those elevated spirits who communicate with elevated minds in the flesh—leaving out all that is communicated by spirits of different character to undeveloped spirits incarnate, would occupy a large volume. So we must let this suffice for the present.

Now let us inquire what the objections of fashionable religionists are to those teachings. It is, say they, a new system of infidelity, calculated and designed by the arch fiend to deceive souls and lure them into the infernal pit, where they will suffer eternal punishment in hell-fire. Infidelity, according to the reading of these brimstonians, is want of faith in the dogmas of their churches, and any questioning of the infallibility of any of those ancient writings collected and published together in the volume called The Bible. If a man is convinced by the unmistakable evidence which geology furnishes, that the earth is hundreds of thousands of years older than it is made by the account of its miraculous creation out of nothing, which the book of Genesis furnishes, he is an infidel, and would have to embrace that faith or suffer martyrdom at the stake, if the ultra orthodox could have the making and enforcing the laws of the country. If a man have unbounded faith in the goodness and love of his Heavenly Father, and deny that He fore-doomed the larger moiety of the human race to eternal damnation, involving infinite and ever-increasing misery, he is an infidel, according to the faith of those objectors, and worthy of the damnation which they preach and pretend to believe in. If a man do not believe that God, when he created this earth, a few centuries ago, and made the sun, moon and stars as necessary appendages and garniture or trimmings for it, created a being nearly equal in power to himself, but his opposite in every other attribute, and set him up in opposition to himself, for the express purpose of luring the souls of men into the bottomless pit of infinite and endless misery, which he had prepared for their reception, he is an infidel, according to their creeds, and should be persecuted as long as he remains on earth and damned eternally afterward.

The Spiritual doctrine teaches that Jesus Christ was sent of God on a mission of love and mercy to his human children. Notwithstanding this, the persecuting clergy brand them as infidels if they do not add to this faith the stultifying absurdity, that God, in producing this messenger, brought his physical system into existence miraculously, and not according to the natural law of procreation, thus violating his own law, without the least necessity for doing so.

Every day's experience proves that the religion of the Spiritualists does more to redeem men and women from every species of moral delinquency than any other influence that has ever been brought to bear against vice and immorality; yet the persecuting clergy and their adherents cry "Humbug!" "Delusion!!" "Insanity!!!" "Devil!!!!"

Now there is no question in regard to this opposition, and we will let the reader answer it according to his judgment and his conscience. Is it concern for the salvation of the people? Or is it for the salvation of their *salaries* that they are concerned?" Brutus kindly said to his friend Cassius—"When Cassius is again angry with his Brutus, he will think his mother chides, and leave him so." Let Spiritualists have the same charity for the persecuting clergy, when they rave and say all manner of hard things against them. Let them say: It is salaries that chide, and leave them so.

[From the Knickerbocker Magazine.]

THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP—A SENECA LEGEND.

BY CHARLES ALDRICH.

'Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind.'

A short distance below the Indian village of Cold Spring in the County of Cataraugus, State of New York, and about a mile from the Allegany River, there is a small lake or pond, formed of the waters of an extensive marsh. The lake is filled with decaying vegetable matter, and, having no outlet, its waters become stagnant and discolored.

Their sombre hue impress one with the idea that they are almost fathomless. At times strange lights may be seen floating above the surface, and gliding about in various directions. Though easily accounted for upon scientific principles, they have ever been regarded by the unlettered red-man with feelings of superstitious dread. The aboriginies have a curious legend concerning this strange "will-o'-the-wisp," which was related to me by an old copper-colored friend, as we were seated upon a little knoll at the southern extremity of the lake. Years have passed since its narration, but if my memory serves me correctly, its substance was as follows:

Many hundred moons since, before the pale faces were known to the red-man, a small tribe of Indians dwelt upon the beautiful savannah at Brady's-Bend, about 70 miles above the present city of Pittsburgh. They were peaceable, industrious, and subsisted by agriculture, and the simple arts of peace, and not like many of their neighbors, by the shedding of blood in hunting and war.—They delighted in athletic sports, and games of various kinds, and were noted for their skill in the feats of dexterity customary among the Indians. They frequently invited the members of other tribes to compete with them at their festive gatherings. On one occasion a sad accident occurred, by which a Seneca warrior lost his life. Though purely an accident, this affair exasperated his friends who determined to wreak a fearful revenge upon their peaceful neighbors.

Accordingly, a band of Senecas armed themselves for the war path, and floating down the majestic Allegany to the ill-fated village, attacked it with unrelenting fury. An indiscriminate slaughter of old and young, male and female ensued. Only one of the tribe, a dark-eyed beautiful maiden was saved from the general destruction. She had been seen on a previous occasion by a young Seneca brave, who successfully exerted himself to bear her away unhurt from the scene of slaughter.

When the marauding party returned, the Indian girl, sorrowful and weeping, was carried to the northern home of her captor. In a few days she found herself among his friends at Che-au-shung-gau-tau, (Cold Springs,) who sought by every means in their power to dispel the clouds which enveloped her brow. But their efforts were of no avail. Though she had previously admired her captor, and longed to share his fortunes, she now, as the slayer of her kindred and the desolater of her home, evinced for him the most intense hatred and disgust. She earnestly desired to return to her home—though she knew that nothing but desolation would meet her sight—and mingle her tears with the ashes of her loved and lost ones. She was closely watched, however, and for a time it was futile to entertain any idea of attempt to escape.

But at length to her great delight, a seemingly favorable opportunity presented itself. The family in which she lived became engaged in making sugar the spring after her capture on the bank of the little lake. Her captor, who intended soon to claim her for his wife, had built a light birch-canoe to float upon its placid waters, and they were in the habit of riding in this fairy vessel during the calm evenings of early spring. A torch-light at the prow of the boat made every object visible for many a rod around them. These little excursions, had her heart been there would have been delightful and romantic indeed; but she cherished a burning desire for revenge, which she determined to gratify at the first opportunity.

One murky evening, while they were gliding over the lake, and he was using every artifice to win her affections and dispel the gloom which he knew were making her unhappy, she conceived the idea of murdering him, escaping to the opposite shore, and making her way home as best she could. When his back was turned in paddling the boat, she raised a stone hatchet which lay at her feet, and, striking him a severe blow upon his temple, he fell with a dull, heavy sound, into the yielding waters, and sunk to rise no more. No sooner had she begun to congratulate herself upon her prospect of escape, than a gurgling sound at the bottom of the boat aroused her to the fact that it was filling with water. In falling overboard, the body of the murdered Indian, by its weight, had in some manner broken a hole through the bottom of the frail structure, through which the waters poured with fearful rapidity. She shrieked for help, and endeavored to stay the rushing waters with her garments, but in vain. The boat sunk, the light was extinguished, and the unfortunate maiden and her lover slept side by side beneath the darksome waters of the Indian lake,

* * * * *

Many of the old Indians aver, that frequently in the calm still evenings of the warmer portions of the year, the ghosts of the unfortunate maiden and her lover revisit the lonely tarn where this dreadful tragedy occurred, and that the scene of their departure to the spirit land is re-enacted with graphic fidelity. Upon such occasions they are seen gliding along in a phantom canoe, with a torch at the prow. They near the centre of the blackened waters; a scene of apparent confusion ensues; splashing sounds are heard, and shrieks, like those which came from the drowning. Soon the light sinks beneath the surface, and silence and darkness resume their reign over the "misty mid-region."

SPIRITUAL MISSIONARIES.

During the last week we had a visit from Jonathan and Hannah Thomas. Old friends, conscientious, intelligent, and unpretending missionaries of spiritualism. With the faith and devotion of early Christian apostles, they went forth one year ago under spiritual direction to proclaim such words as should be furnished them to utter. Mrs. Thomas is the medium, who utters her impressions, though not without some sort of magnetic aid from her husband, who sits by her during her addresses.

Mrs. Thomas had, previous to this mission, though we believe but rarely, spoken in public, in advocacy of anti-slavery principles. On the 1st of April last, in obedience to impressions of duty, her husband rented their little farm in Vinton, Conn., for one year, sold off their stock, and they started with their two children for Philadelphia, where they were instructed their mission was to commence. They arrived in the city without a solitary acquaintance, even among their spiritual brethren. They found sympathizing friends, without delay, and the next evening after their arrival, Mrs. T. delivered her first address. She continued her labors, speaking two or three times on the first day of the week and almost every evening of other days, for *twelve successive weeks.* They afterwards visited Boston, New York, and various other cities in the East, and have now concluded their service, by a seven weeks' course of Lectures in Cincinnati. Her public addresses have averaged five per week for the last eleven months. They are now on their way to resume their quiet and honest labors upon their farm, and assured us that their fidelity to their convictions of duty has been to them in no respect a disadvantage.

It is immaterial what our readers may think of the new phenomena, of their origin or utility. Such consecrated, trusting fidelity to honest convictions, is worthy of the widest imitation, and for this cause we make the record of the facts. Let Abolitionists imitate in their devotion to the principles of liberty, and its cause will blossom with hope, and bring forth the fruit of speedy success.

Of the character of Mrs. Thomas' lectures for interest and ability we cannot speak, as we heard none of them. But we copy from the Journal of Men, Dr. Buchanan's opinion:—

Mrs. Thomas.—This lady has just concluded a series of lectures in this city of decidedly remarkable character. Mrs. Thomas is a plain farmer's wife, living on a small place in Vinton county, Ohio, whose opportunities of education have been very limited. She was impelled by spiritual influences to go forth and lecture for nearly a twelvemonth on Spiritual Philosophy; and this impulse she has obeyed, concluding her course in Cincinnati.

She had been lecturing several weeks in the city before I learned the superior character of her discourses, and was attracted to hear them. To my surprise and gratification, I found that her lectures (in which she spoke merely as a medium) were of a high philosophical character, such as would have done no discredit to Plato, Kant, Locke, or the deepest philosophers of modern times. Indeed, the greater part of her discourse was of so profound and finished a character, that if they had been written by Pythagoras, Solon, Socrates, or Plato, and transmitted to modern times, in the literary dignity of the Greek language, they would have been admired and revered as some of the noblest productions of ancient wisdom.

If these discourses were not the emanations of communicating spirits through Mrs. Thomas, but were merely the workings of her own mind—then is she indeed one of the most remarkable women of the age. If she can be induced to go forth again as a lecturer, she will richly repay the attention she may receive; not by brilliancy or eloquence, but by an outpouring of pure thought, which cannot fail to enlighten and elevate those who listen.—*Anti-Slavery Bugle.*

SPIRITISM.

"Caxton," a correspondent of the California Chronicle writes as follows under the head of "Spiritism," which word he adopts in preference to the one in common use. viz: "*Spiritualism.*" "Spiritist" and "Spiritism" he thinks are much more preferable terms, and convey to the mind more readily that which is intended to be understood by their use. In the following, his first communication, the subject is presented in an interesting form, which cannot fail to interest the inquiring reader. We regard "Caxton" as the clearest reasoner and most forcible writer in the State:—

The nineteenth century is, in everything, an era of doubt. Commerce is king, and his dominions have become universal. Everybody travels and trades in these days, and the old elements of opinion are everywhere in commotion. Even Chinamen migrate, and the Bay of Niphon is thrown open. This admixture of men of different complexions, and of different views upon all subjects, tends to render each and all more liberal and cosmopolitan in their opinions, to dissipate prejudices and overthrow superstitions. Hence the fact that scepticism upon all religious subjects has been so rife that few men can be found in our day who believe exactly what their fathers did before them, and who are not almost uncontrollably impelled to tear down every fabric presented to them for belief, and to re-construct one for themselves more in accordance with the spirit of the age. It is hardly necessary to observe that the Christian religion, *as once understood,* has suffered from these causes, and that many of the most noted dogmas are only received after full and free discussion. Nobody can be blamed, in this century, for thinking independently, and the doctrine is fast gaining-ground, that a superstitious faith is as impotent to save the soul as a hypocritical one, that the only true faith is that which manifests itself in acts, and that the *power* of believing, and the *chances* of salvation, are not in a direct ratio, as our ancestors once held and proclaimed.

The foregoing remarks must not be construed as derogatory to true Christianity. Of that I am a sincere professor, and in it a firm believer; but no such a professor, or believer, as were our ancestors a century ago. I pin my faith on no man's skirts; I read the Bible with no man's goggles: but with the light of my own reason, and the strength of my own mind, I read, reflect, and embrace. A creed created upon any other foundation, falls at the first touch of reason's wand, or is sported with by every breeze, as it blows by turns from the most opposite points of the horizon. Dogmas are transient as the zephyrs—truths eternal as the rocks.

The inferences to be drawn from the foregoing preliminary observations are—First, That the age we live in recognizes no solid ground for a religious faith, unless it is based upon conviction; Second, That the progress of the race in morals, kepeing pace with science, demands physical demonstrations to convince the mind of spiritual truths; And, lastly, That scepticism in biblical truths cannot be removed by historial assertions, or traditional reports, but they must come home to each man's *senses,* just as they did in the times of the patriarchs, the prophets and the apostles.

No man can conscientiously and sincerely believe in the immortality of the soul or its existence independent of the body, simply because he has been told so; whether told by a book, by one neighbor, or by ten thousand, makes no difference. We may philosophise about a spiritual existence as long as we live, but the human mind *must* harbor doubts, so long as the fact does not reach it through the individual senses. This is the law of the mind, in its very constitution, and no amount of proof can suffice to overthrow it. They who tell us that belief depends on testimony, and that testimony can be so strong as to prove anything, are mere neophytes in the art of reasoning, and know nothing of the subject they pretend to elucidate. Testimony of others can prove the existence of London, or Paris, that Christ once lived, and that Cæsar was assassinated; for all these are natural and sensible facts and events. But until a proper foundation for belief be laid, no amount of hearsay or extrinsic evidence can ever convince a sane and philosophic mind that Brutus saw the ghost of Cæsar, or that the Witch of Endor called up the spirit of Samuel, or that Jesus Christ was seen by the apostles after his crucifixion.

Now the object and scope of the spiritism of the nineteenth century is to furnish precisely such a foundation. It is to bring home to each man's senses and experience the *fact* of the existence of spiritual beings, and after proving most incontestibly the immortality of the individual soul, to place Nature and Revelation before him, in their proper light, so that he can become religious without sacrificing his reason; and believing in God without superstition.—*Seneca Herald.*

Key to the Tomb of Christ.—Victor Hugo on the Eastern War.—This gentleman has been making a speech to the exiles of all nations, now in England. The occasion was the Anniversary of the Polish Revolution. The chief subject of the discourse was the *cause of the present war.* Himself an exile, keenly feels all that hatred and detestation for the monarchies and despotisms whose tyranny has brought to England so many noble minds and who are anxiously wsiting the hour when all Europe will be engaged in a war for Liberty. Victor Hugo asserts that the war was caused by a *present.* This present was the *key to the Sepulchre,* which the Sultan of Turkey has so long held. The Sultan's possessions cover Asia, and therefore, the very tomb of Christ. There are two Popes in Europe—one at Rome another at St. Petersburg—Pius IX, and Czar of Russia—a Greek Pope and a Roman Pope. These two Catholicisms have for generations desired to possess the key to the sepulchre, or to have control of the loyal places possessed by Islamism; to explore the tomb of our Saviour; not in harmony, together, and worship a common Saviour in peace and brotherly love; but one Pope wishes to exclude the other. As they could not or would not penetrate that tomb side by side in friendship the Turk denied both of them admission. Mahometism kept the door to the sepulchre closed and the key safe—neither Latin Pope nor Greek Pope could get in. Moscow was told to stand back—Rome was forbidden to enter. The scale of Jerusalem was held by the Turks, who refused to let it balance on the side of Rome or Moscow, Latin or Greek.

Such was the condition of the Holy Places until 1851, when the present Emperor of France desired a favor of Pope Pius. He wanted to be consecrated. The Pope refused, hesitated, was opposed. But, as Napoleon the Great was consecrated, Napoleon the Little must be. Though a perjured man, a traitor, a murderer, still these crimes the more required him to be consecrated. How could the Pope be induced to consent? A *present* was thought of—what present? The key of the sepulchre entered the mind of Napoleon. Put the Eastern Church under the Western, open the holy gate to the Latin Pope, and say to the Greek, you can't enter.

Napoleon sent his agent to Constantinople to see the Sultan, and to demand of him, in behalf of his master, the Key of the Tomb of Jesus for the Pope of Rome. The Sultan hesitated, afraid of Nicholas, afraid of Bonaparte; but at last handed over the key. Napoleon thanked him—but Nicholas swore terribly; and immediately sent his legate, his favorite Menschikoff, to the Sultan, with whip in hand, and demanded as equivalent to the key of the sepulchre nearly all the sovereignty that then remained to the Sultan. This the Sultan refused, and then comes France and England to sustain him in this refusal, hence the war. Or, if not the direct cause, then the desire of Napoleon to be consecrated and crowned by a Latin Pope is that cause, and the key to the selpuchre as a present, a secondary cause, intimately connected with the other.

This idea of the origin of the war does not conflict with the prevalent opinion that England and France are fighting out of sheer necessity, and self-preservation. The very fact that Russia demanded Turkey to surrender a large portion of her sovereignty, showed that there was danger to England and France. England has no desire to defend the Moslem faith, nor did she go to war to secure benefits from any particular religious creed. Neither does she fight because she wishes to destroy the despotism of Russia. She fights simply because she believes it is necessary to do so to keep Russia from becoming so strong that Great Britain will finally become subject to her will. Russia is regarded as a hyena, a huge monster that will eat England up, if its physical power is left to grow a few years more.

Victor Hugo is probably right as to the causes that brought about this war at this time. Had not Napoleon found it necessary to be consecrated by a reluctant Pope, the present of the key would never have been made, Russia would not have demanded of the Sultan what he did; and the encroachments of Russia would not at this day be so visible to the eye of Great Britain and France. The war would have been postponed to the future, though it would have surely come before many years.

The way to get on in the World.—A working man, some time ago, published his own biography, one of the most interesting little volumes that has appeared during the present century. It is as follows:—"It may to some appear like vanity in me to write what I now do, but I should not give my life truly, if I omitted it. When filling a cart with earth on the farm, I never stopped work because my side of the cart might be heaped before the other side, at which was another workman. I pushed over what I had heaped up, to help him; so doubtless he did to me, when I was last and he first. When I have filled my column or columns of a newspaper with matter for which I was to be paid, I have never stopped, if I thought the subject required more explanation, because there was no contract for more payment, or no possibility of obtaining more. When I have lived in a barrack-room, I have stopped my work, and taken a baby from a soldier's wife, when she had to work, and nursed it for her, or gone for water for her, or cleaned another man's accoutrements, though it was no part of my duty to do so. When I have been engaged in political literature and travelling for a newspaper, I have gone many miles out of my road to ascertain a local fact, or to pursue a subject to its minutest details, if it appeared that the public were unacquainted with the facts of the case: and this, when I had the work, was most pleasant and profitable. When I have wanted work, I have accepted it at any wages I could get, at a plough, in farm-draining, stone-quarrying, breaking stones, at wood cutting, in a saw-pit, as a civilian, or a soldier. In London, I have cleaned out a stable, and groomed a cabman's horse for sixpence. I have since tried literature, and have done as much writing for ten shillings as I have readily obtained—both sought for, and offered—ten guineas for. But, if I had not been content to begin at the beginning, and accepted shillings, I should not have arisen to guineas. I have lost nothing by working; whatever I have been doing, with spade, or pen, I have been my own helper. Do you wish to imitate? Humility is always the attendant of sense; folly alone is proud. A wise divine, when preaching to the youths of his congregation, was wont to say, 'Beware of being golden apprentices, silver journeymen, and copper masters.' The only cure for pride, is sense; and the only path to promotion, is condescension. What multitudes have been ruined in their prospects by the pride of their hearts! Away, then, young men, and away forever, with self-foppery, and empty pride, idle habits, and expensive associates—'stoop and conquer.'—Sink in spirit and rise in opulence. Be faithful over a few things, and be made ruler over many.—*London Christian Penny Magazine.*

An Avaricious Landlord justly Punished.—A young German, engaged in a store on Lake street, rented a small house from a countryman of his, and with a variety of house-keeping articles, purchased a cord of excellent hickory wood, and had it cut and split, and nicely stowed away in his woodshed. The following morning being sharp and cold, found our young German up betimes, and wending his way to the woodshed. What was his amazement, however, at finding that his wood had vanished. What does the young man do, however, but go straightway to the wood dealers and buy a second cord. This he had stowed away as before; he hit upon a plan to catch the rascal that stole his wood, in case he should pay him a second visit. His "bright idea" took the shape of an ancient and ugly-looking pistol. This was loaded with a good charge of powder, and *a hard paper wad,* and fixed in such a position that the opening of the door of the woodshed would fire off the pistol. Our young German sought his couch, and was soon in the land of nod; and ere long, bang! went his artillery. To jump out of his bed and rush out to the wood-shed was but the work of a moment; and there, lying on the ground groaning and bleeding, lay—*his own landlord!*—a man worth thousands of dollars! The wad had struck him somewhere in the face, and the wound, though by no means dangerous, was bleeding freely, as he piteously exclaimed. "Oh! mein Gott! vat ish dish?" He appeared heartily ashamed of his conduct, and promised to make retribution of his former theft, and the matter ended.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Character of Danton.—His person and his eloquence were in keeping with his mind and character. We figure him always after the pattern of Bethlehem Gabor, as Godwin describes him: his stature gigantic, his hair a dead black, a face in which sagacity and fury struggle for the mastery—a voice of thunder. His mere figure might have saved the utterance of his watchword—"We must put our enemies in fear." His face was itself a "Reign of Terror." His eloquence was not of the intellectual, nor of the rhetorical cast. It was not labored with care, nor moulded by art. It was the full, gushing utterance of a mind seeing the real merits of the case in a glare of vision, and announcing them in a tone of absolute assurance. He did not indulge in long arguments or elaborate declamations. His speeches were Cyclopean cries, at the sight of the truth breaking, like the sun, on his mind. Each speech was a peroration. His imagination was fertile, rugged and grand. Terrible truth was sheathed in terrible figure. Each thought leaped into light, like Minerva, armed with bristling imagery. Danton was a true poet, and some of his sentences are the strongest and most characteristic utterance amid all the wild eloquence the revolution produced. His curses are of the street, not of Paris, but of Pandemonium; his blasphemies were sublime as those heard in the trance of Sicilian seer, belched up from fallen giants through the smoke of Etna, or like those which made the "burning marl" and the "fiery gulf" quake and recoil in fear. Such an extraordinary being was Danton. There was no beauty about him, but there were the power and the dreadful brilliance, the rapid rise and rapid subsidence of an Oriental tempest.—*Gilfillan.*

Female Courage.—There is a branch of general education which is not thought at all necessary for women; as regards which, indeed, it is well if they are not brought up to cultivate the opposite. Women are not taught to be courageous. Indeed, to some persons courage may seem as unnecessary for women as Latin or Greek. Yet there are few things that would tend to make women happier in themselves, and more acceptable to those with whom they live than courage. There are many women of the present day, sensible women in other things, whose panic terrors are a frequent source of discomfort to themselves and those around them. Now, it is a great mistake to imagine that hardness must go with courage; and that the bloom of gentleness and sympathy must all be rubbed off by that vigor of mind which gives presence of mind, enables a person to be useful in peril, and makes the desire to assist, overcome that sickliness of sensibility which can only contemplate distress and difficulty. So far from courage being unfeminine, there is a peculiar grace and dignity in those beings who have little active power of attack or defence, passing through danger with a moral courage which is equal to that of the strongest. We see this in great things. We perfectly appreciate the sweet and noble dignity of Anne Boleyn, a Mary Queen of Scots, or a Marie Antoinette. We see that it is grand for these delicately-bred, high-natured, helpless personages, to meet death with a silence and confidence like his own. But there would be a similar dignity in women's bearing small terrors with fortitude. There is no beauty in fear. It is a mean, ugly, dishevelled creature. No statue can be made of it that a woman would wish to see herself like.—*Friends in Council.*

Why do Teeth Decay?—All the theories that time and again have been advanced in answer to this inquiry have long since vanished before the true doctrine of the action of external corrosive agents. The great and all powerful destroyer of the human teeth is acid, vegetable or mineral, and it matters not whether that acid is formed in the teeth by the decomposition of particles of food left between and around teeth, or whether it is applied directly to the organs themselves; enamel is destroyed, corroded and the teeth destroyed. Much, very much of the decay in teeth may be attributed to the corrosive effects of acetic acid, which is not only in common use as a condiment in the form of vinegar, but is generated by the decay of vegetable matter. When we consider how very few persons comparatively take especial pains to remove every particle from between and around their teeth immediately after eating, can we wonder that diseased teeth are so common and that their early loss is so frequently deplored?

The Royal Family of Russia.—The following amiable family picture may be interesting at this time when Russia is thrusting her ursine nose into the politics of Europe:

Peter I, the founder, as he is called, of the present imperial family, was the murderer of the two daughters and the sons of his brother Ivan, and the murderer, it is asserted, according to more than one of the annalists of his reign, by his own hand, of Alexis. He was himself murdered by Menzikoff, (a name that has again risen up in history,) the favorite of his wife, Catherine, who, when united to Peter, was already the wife of a living husband, and their children were afterwards declared incapable of reigning because born in sin.—Anna the eldest daughter of Ivan, put fourteen thousand Russians to death and banished twice as many. A revolution displaced the young Ivan to put on the throne Elizabeth, of Peter I, and her reign was remarkable for her drunkenness and debauchery. Peter III., her successor, was notoriously the offspring of crime, and was dethroned and strangled by his wife, Catherine II., the same infamous woman who assassinated and dethroned Emperor Ivan, and whose son, Paul, the father of the present Emperor Nicholas, was strangled by courtiers.